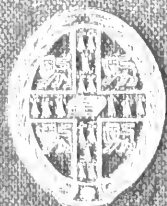


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THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

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BY

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH
AND JOHN DOVER WILSON

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

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THE FRONTISPIECE IS REPRODUCED FROM THE ENGRAVING
BY SIMON VAN DE PASSE (v. pp. xxii-xxiii)

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

I

The Folio of 1623 supplies our only text: *The Comedie of Errors* coming fifth in the order of that volume. On every test it must rank among the earliest of Shakespeare's plays. Francis Meres (1598) puts it second on his famous list in *Palladis Tamia*.—‘As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so *Shakespeare* among the English is the most excellent in both kinds; for Comedy, witnes his *Gētemē of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Loue labors lost*. . . .’ But we find an almost indubitable reference to it in a merry tract describing the Christmas revels at Gray’s Inn, 1594–5, and entitled *Gesta Grayorum: or the History of the High and mighty Prince, Henry, Prince of Purpoole . . . Who Reigned and Died*, A.D. 1594¹; this Prince being one Henry Helmes of Norfolk, gentleman, chosen Lord of Misrule for the

¹ A boyish, boisterous and clearly contemporaneous account of these very remarkable revels, which ended by attracting Queen Elizabeth herself to witness their *finale* in a *Masque of Proteus* (introduced by Campion’s lovely lyric ‘Of Neptune’s Empire let us sing...’). The MS would seem to have lain in limbo until 1688, when it was ‘printed for W. Canning, at his Shop in the Temple-Cloysters, Price, one Shilling,’ and dedicated by him to Matthew Smyth, Esq., Comptroller of the Inner Temple. A reprint (1915) has been edited by Dr W. W. Greg for the Malone Society. ‘Prince of Purpoole’ is a title facetiously borrowed from *Porte Poule Lane*, by Gray’s Inn. For the descent of this property to Gray’s Inn from one Simon de Gardino de Purtepole the curious may consult Mr Kingsford’s edition of Stow’s *Survey of London* (Oxford, 1908), and follow the references given in his Note, vol. ii. p. 371.

occasion. He was installed with no little pomp and circumstance, issued extravagant proclamations containing much legal wit (and some bawdry), and in particular on the second Grand Night (Dec. 28) entertained an 'ambassador' and his suite from the Inner Temple: on which occasion, it would seem, a great deal of misrule arose.

When the Ambassador was placed, as aforesaid, and that there was something to be performed for the Delight of the Beholders, there arose such a disordered Tumult and Crowd upon the Stage, that there was no Opportunity to effect that which was intended: there came so great a number of worshipful Personages upon the Stage, that might not be displaced; and Gentlewomen, whose Sex did privilege them from Violence, that when the Prince and his Officers had in vain, a good while, expected and endeavoured a Reformation, at length there was no hope of Redress for that present. The Lord Ambassador and his Train thought that they were not so kindly entertained, as was before expected, and thereupon would not stay any longer at that time, but, in a sort, discontented and displeased.

After their Departure the Throngs and Tumults did somewhat cease, although so much of them continued as was able to disorder and confound any good Inventions whatsoever. In regard whereof, as also for that the Sports intended were especially for the gracing of the *Templarians*, it was thought good not to offer any thing of Account, saving Dancing and Revelling with Gentlewomen; and after such Sports, a Comedy of Errors (like to *Plautus* his *Menechmus*) was played by the Players. So that Night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but Confusion and Errors; whereupon, it was ever afterwards called, *The Night of Errors*.

Now this (in 1594) while obviously referring to our play, obviously does not refer to a *première*. It leads rather to a conjecture which Mr Henry Cunningham¹ thus sets forth:

¹ Introduction to *The Comedy of Errors* in 'The Arden Shakespeare,' p. xv.

The expression 'played by the Players' must have reference to a performance by the Chamberlain's servants, which was on the 28th December, the servants most probably including Shakespeare himself; and it is somewhat singular, as Fleay points out in his *Life and Works of Shakespeare*, p. 125, that this performance should also have been given apparently by the same company as that which we know played before the Queen at Greenwich on the same date and possibly in the same piece. It would undoubtedly, at any rate from the business point of view, be so much more convenient for the company *not* to change the piece that we may fairly regard Fleay's supposition as correct.

A difficulty is raised by Dr Greg (following Mr E. K. Chambers¹) that the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber show payments to the Lord Chamberlain's men (Shakespeare's company) for performances before the Court, then at Greenwich, both on the 26th December and the 28th, Gray's Inn night: *and the performances were in the evening*, and the players could not have been in two places at once. But Mrs C. Carmichael Stopes had already shown, and has recently reminded us², that the assumption italicised is worse than unnecessary: that instead of the usual form 'On Innocents' Day at night' this particular entry has 'On Innocents' Day.' So we are still free to believe that our players, having enacted *Errors* before the Queen in the afternoon, returned in time to present it before the lawyers in the evening.

We cannot follow Mrs Stopes, however, in extracting from the *Gesta* a theory that 'the play was considered the crowning disgrace of the evening.' To be sure a mock court was held, two nights later, to enquire into these 'great Disorders and Abuses,' and a mock 'Sorcerer' put on trial for having caused them—and Lastly, that we had foisted a Company of base and common Fellows,

¹ *Modern Language Review*, Oct. 1906.

² *The Life of Henry, Third Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's Patron*, by Charlotte Carmichael Stopes. Cambridge, 1922 (p. 73).

to make up our Disorders with a Play of Errors and Confusions; and that that Night had gained to us Discredit, and it self a Nick-name of Errors.' It seems to us, remembering some few undergraduate 'rags' at Oxford and Cambridge and the 'literature' to which they gave gay occasion, that the lady takes *au grand sérieux* a serio-comic account of what was actually a giddy revel from first to last. We doubt then that it was a makeshift: we suspect rather that it was pre-arranged; that the players had been pre-empted from Greenwich to present just such an extravaganza upon Plautus as would tickle the scholarly taste and amuse the 'studious lawyers' amid their bowers.

All this, at any rate, carries us back to 1594. A scrap of 'internal evidence' suggested to Theobald a yet earlier date. The following passage occurs in 3. 2. 122, where Dromio (of Syracuse) is describing Luce, the fat kitchen-wench:

She is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her...

Where France?

In her forehead—armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Here is a play upon *hair* and *heir*. In 1589 Henry III of France had named Henry of Navarre¹—Henri Quatre—as heir to the throne. This nomination revived civil war, as everyone knows, and in 1591 Elizabeth sent across an expeditionary force, under Sir John Norris and the Earl of Essex, to support Navarre's cause—a move in her game of Protestant policy. Peace was made in July 1593, and Navarre proclaimed king: after which the pun in our author's topical allusion must have speedily fallen flat. But in 1591 (say) our great national deliverance from the Armada would yet

¹ Cf. for England's contemporary interest in Navarre, *Love's Labour's Lost* (*passim*).

prevail in memory, to win applause as the catechism went on:

Where Spain?

Faith, I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breath.

Where America, the Indies?

O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, *who sent whole armadoes of carracks* to be ballast at her nose¹.

On the whole the date, 1591-2, generally assigned to this play, seems the likeliest.

II

For its 'origin,' it is simply an adaptation of the *Menaechmi* (*The Two Menaechmuses*) of Plautus; with the additions of one scene (3. 1.) borrowed from the same author's *Amphitruo*—where Mercury keeps the real husband out of his own house while Jupiter, the sham husband, is engaged with the poor fellow's wife, within doors—and a romantic Shakespearian beginning and end.

We are not greatly concerned to enquire if Shakespeare had enough Latin to derive his plot direct from Plautus, or if he took it from a translation—and, if so, from what translation? It would be interesting to know; and research has passed all that can gather of Elizabethan Grammar Schools and their *curricula* through various sieves, to shake out various modest heaps of our poet's latinity. In the result we get little for certain, and that little certainly, for critical purposes, of no great matter. For our part, it lays no strain upon us to believe that the 'small Latin' put into Shakespeare at the Stratford-on-Avon Grammar School included a play or so of Plautus, the trick of whose Latin is easier to master

¹ Possibly some pun here, to us recondite, between Spain's *nose* and King Philip's *No's*.

than that of Homeric Greek to which, at age of eleven and under, one of the present editors underwent promotion straight from an Attic grammar. The earliest known English translation of *Menaechmi* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1594, and appeared in 1595 under the title, *Menaechmi, A pleasant and fine conceited Comædie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus. Chosen purposely from all the rest, as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull. Written in English by W. W.* Those who, on the strength of a resemblance of phrase here and there¹, believe or incline to believe that Shakespeare used W. W.'s translation, have to conjecture—and this, to be sure, is not incredible—that he had seen it in manuscript some time before its appearance in print.

There is, however, another explanation, which we ourselves favour, viz.: that Shakespeare worked upon some older play based on Plautus' comedy². If so, it

¹ Of which we may quote two of the most salient.

(a) *Menaechmi*, 5. 1. 91:

Mulier. He makes me a *stale* and a laughing-stocke to the world.

Errors, 2. 1. 101:

Adriana.

He breakes the pale

And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale

—both ladies complaining of their husbands' misbehaviour.

(b) *Menaechmi*, 5. 1. 308:

Methinks it is no pleasure to a man to be *basted with a ropes end* two or three houres together.

Errors, 4. 1. 16; 4. 4. 16, 42, etc.:

Ropes end: to a ropes end, sir, and to that end am I return'd: beware the ropes end;

and cf. 2. 2. 62: Purchase me another drie *basting*.

Mr Cunningham collects some 14 of these parallels in his Introduction and reprints the whole of W. W.'s rendering in his Appendix. Cf. also Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*.

² v. the note on the copy, pp. 74, 77-8.

was probably the lost play *The Historie of Error*, 'shown at Hampton Court on New Yere's daie at night 1576, 77, enacted by the children of Powles (St Paul's)': which same play seems to turn up again in 1583 as the 'History of Ferrar' (!) in the Revels Accounts as having been produced at Windsor. But it will be noted—and to this we shall recur—that whenever we hit on any record, whether of *The Comedy of Errors* itself or of some likely original, the place of performance is always some banqueting hall, be it Gray's Inn, or Greenwich, or Hampton Court, or Windsor.

This third chance, that Shakespeare worked upon an earlier play, is curiously strengthened when we discover the Folio, in the two first Acts, distinguishing the two Antipholuses as *Antipholus Erotes* and *Antipholus Sereptus*. In 1.2. *Antipholus Erotes* (of Syracuse) probably = *Antipholus Erraticus* or *Errans*, the 'wandering' and *Antipholus Sereptus* = *Surreptus*, the 'stolen' brother: but the point is that in the very Prologue of the original Plautus calls the stolen twin *puer surreptus*¹.

In any event, and whether Shakespeare went straight to the Latin, or was indebted to W. W. or to some antecedent play, no one seriously disputes that the play, as we have it, is of Shakespeare's writing in the main, or that it is early work, or that its plot comes out of Plautus.

III

The fun to be extracted from 'mistaken identity,' if not as old as the hills, dates back to earliest fairy-tale and, on the stage, at least so far back as to later Greek Comedy. Plautus himself is suspected to have 'lifted' his *Menaechmi* from a play of Poseidippus, the

¹ The similarity between *Antipholus Erotes* and the name *Erotium* of the courtesan in Plautus may be purely accidental, or *may* have crept in somewhere by mnemonic confusion.

Δίδυμοι¹ 'The Twins' (or 'Ὅμοιοι, 'As Like as Two Peas'). But let us see, in a brief abstract, how Plautus works it.—

He opens with a Prologue, the speaker of which takes the spectators knowingly into his confidence and says, in effect, 'The scene behind me, ladies and gentlemen, is a street in Epidamnus. It will present some other town to-morrow, in another play; but for the while suppose that in Epidamnus we are. I have no personal acquaintance with the characters who will presently appear; but, as I understand it, the situation is something like this:

'There was a certain merchant in Syracuse who had twin sons born to him, so much alike that their real mother—let alone their foster-mother—could not tell t'other from which. When they had grown to seven years of age, their father took one of them, with a rich cargo, on a voyage to Tarentum. At Tarentum there happened to be a Fair day, with a great concourse of people. The boy, straying from his father, was lost in the crowd. A certain merchant from Epidamnus—a childless man—picked the urchin up—kidnapped him, if you will—carried him home to Epidamnus, and adopted him for his own.

'Meanwhile the true father, after seeking his boy all over Tarentum, took to his bed there and died in a few days, of a broken heart.

'When news of all this reached Syracuse, the boys' grandfather [nothing is said of the mother] in his repining altered the name of the surviving twin, Sosicles, to Menaechmus, that of the stolen one, the *puer surreptus*.' And this Sosicles-Menaechmus,

¹ Athenaeus (xiv. 658) says that only in the comedies of Poseidippus are slave-cooks presented to us. There is one, Cylindrus, in the *Menaechmi*. An allusion to Hiero of Sicily (*Men.* 409 *seq.*) seems a throw-back from Plautus to an original which would agree with the date of Poseidippus.

coming to man's estate, travels for six years in search of his lost brother, scouring Istria, Spain, Marseilles, Illyria, the Adriatic coasts, Magna Graecia, and all the harbours of Italy: until at length on a day he puts in at the port of Epidamnus, in Sicily: and at this point the play itself opens.

The lost twin, Menaechmus, is by this time a well-to-do citizen of Epidamnus; able to entertain parasites: but something of a loose-liver and moreover married to a jealous shrewish wife. As the curtain rises his pet parasite, one Peniculus, is discovered hanging about his patron's doorway, hungry for a meal, when the door opens and Menaechmus tumbles out followed by objurgations from his wife. But never mind! He has stolen one of her mantles—he has it hidden under his cloak—and, by your leave, he'll carry it off for a present to the courtesan Erotium across the way, taking Peniculus with him. So off they steal and are greeted effusively by that wanton lady, who calls out her cook and despatches him to buy provisions for a luncheon. The assignation made, Menaechmus goes off with Peniculus to his morning's business in the forum.

In their absence and while Erotium's cook is marketing for the meal, the other twin, Menaechmus-Sosicles, arrives on the scene, with his slave Messenio and a porter or two carrying his luggage from the quay; for he is fresh from shipboard. Whilst he stares about him, the cook returns laden with provisions and greets him by name; and his amazement is by no means over when Erotium herself appears in the doorway and bids him in with endearing words and caresses—'*Animule mi*, my own Menaechmus!'—confounding him still farther by rattling off his family history. 'What! Not know you?—Menaechmus, the son of Moschus, born at Syracuse in Sicily' etc. Upon this the stranger—who has hitherto sup-

posed her to be mad or drunk—starts, in desperation of his own wits, to play up to her, and, against his slave's warning, follows her into the house. This closes Act ii.

Act iii opens with the sweating return of the parasite, Peniculus, who has lost his patron in the crowd of the forum, and is harking back with pangs in his belly for the belated luncheon. Upon him, out of Erotium's doorway, tumbles the Traveller-twin; who has eaten and been entertained, and, moreover, carries perplexedly a rich mantle on his arm, on an errand to the dyer's. 'This Epidamnus is a fine place egad! where the strumpets not only feast you for nothing, but let you loose with a *gage d'amour* of this value!' The parasite, promptly mistaking him for his twin, at once assails him with reproaches. 'Sir, this is outrageous! You gave me the slip: you have doubled back and cheated me of my promised luncheon....' Close upon this altercation Erotium's maid comes running out to overtake the stranger with another commission, 'And please Menaechmus, my mistress desires you, with her love, to take this bracelet to the jeweller's to be smartened up with an extra ounce of gold.' 'Better and better!' thinks Sosicles-Menaechmus, and walks off with his double booty, having first taken care to toss his festal garland down another street, to mislead pursuit.

But the parasite, vowing revenge for his lost luncheon, has gone off to tell Menaechmus' wife of her husband's perfidy. At the opening of Act iv she comes bouncing out of her house in a fury, with the informer at her heels. 'You'll catch him red-handed,' he promises. 'He came out of that woman's, full of wine and garlanded, with the mantle on his arm to take to the dyer's.... Yes, and hullo! here's the garland he had.... *Here's* the way, if you want to find him!' Sure enough, at that moment, they see the real

Menaechmus approaching up the street, and hide themselves in a porchway. He is late for luncheon and in a very bad temper, having been detained at the law-courts finding security for a client. As he makes for Erotium's door, his wife collars him and slaps his face, demanding her mantle. A lively scene follows, the parasite abetting the wife and Menaechmus lying hardily. But the woman, weakened by her outburst, finally breaks down in tears; threatening, however, that he shall never re-enter his own house unless he brings back the mantle. 'I'll see it's brought back,' promises Menaechmus. 'But, look here,' asks Peniculus, as she goes in; 'What do *I* get for my services?' 'I'll do as much for you when something is stolen from *your* house!' is the answer, as she closes the door.

The parasite—not the first man to interfere between husband and wife and to end by cursing both—walks off in dudgeon. Menaechmus knocks at Erotium's door, which is opened by that lady in person. He asks her for the mantle, saying that his wife has found out everything. 'But I gave it to you, to take to the dyer's—and my bracelet!' He protests; and the more he protests, the more convinced she becomes of his cheating. Ladies of her profession know these tricks, and she wastes no time over cutting her losses. 'Oh, very well! Keep the mantle, wear it or let your wife wear it....You have fooled me this time, but you don't set foot in this house again. So you may just run along and fool somebody else!' *Her* door in its turn is slammed-to, and Menaechmus left in the street scratching his head, the most shut-out—*exclusissimus*—citizen in Epidamnus. He must really go and ask a few friends for advice.

He has no sooner departed on this errand than [Act v] his twin re-enters from the opposite street, still a little drunk, still carrying the mantle, and in

foggy search after his slave Messenio, who has the wallet containing his money and is doubtless drinking in some obscure tavern. Simultaneously Menaechmus' wife opens her door and, recognising the mantle, of course recognises him for her husband. 'So you've come back, you beast: and properly ashamed of yourself, I hope!' Menaechmus-Sosicles, almost sobered by the shock of this onset, pulls himself together and asks, with stiff politeness—

I beg your pardon—What is it excites you, madam?

Wife. You dare breathe a word to me, you shameless villain?

M. Sosicles. Excuse me, what is my offence, that I may not speak?

Wife. You ask me? Oh, the brazen impudence of men!

M. Sosicles (yet more politely). Do you happen to know, ma'am, why the Greeks asserted Queen Hecuba to be a bitch?

Wife. Certainly not.

M. Sosicles. It was because Hecuba used to behave precisely as you are behaving at this moment.

So, between the man who has never set eyes on her before and the woman who objurgates him as her husband, the wrangle goes on until the wife's father appears—an old man grumbling at his years and infirmities. To him she appeals to be taken home and released from this monster of a husband. To this the dotard's first answers amount to no more than 'Tut-tut! A squabble? Look here, how many times have I warned you against that sort of thing?... And goes with another woman, does he? Well, what do you expect if you mew a husband up? Would you have him sit indoors with the maids and card wool?' But when he tries equally sage advice upon Menaechmus-Sosicles it is met with assertions and denials which both accusers in their turn so sincerely accept

for signs of madness that at length in bewildered self-defence the poor man feigns actual madness. A doctor is sent for: whose attentions Sosicles avoids by escaping to his ship. Prompt on the doctor's arrival the real Menaechmus strolls up, and is at once subjected to an examination in lunacy, and is only saved by the intervention of Messenio, who rescues his supposed master and is promised his freedom for it by one who neither is his real master nor knows him from Adam. Finally, in the rough-and-tumble, Menaechmus-Sosicles, infuriated on learning that his slave had been given his liberty by somebody who had no business to do anything of the sort, rushes in, confronts his twin upon Erotium's doorstep. Whereupon, after a swift *ἀναγνώρισις*, all is explained and all ends happily.

IV

From this analysis of Plautus' comedy two things will at once be perceived. For the first and most obvious—Plautus is content with one pair of twins: Shakespeare out-Plautusing Plautus, adds a second pair, the two Dromios. Now to double a pair of twins so alike that even a wife cannot tell one from the other is not merely to double that amount of the improbable which a play of 'mistaken identity' claims for credence, but to multiply it by more than a hundred—nay by more than a thousand. When all the changes have been rung on Aristotle's impossible probabilities and possible improbabilities, a fairy-tale is a fairy-tale, and we can concede a Fairy Prince incommoded by a nose a yard long. But a play supposed to be enacted by real persons exempt from magic must hold *some* claim of credence in its postulate, even though it call itself a farce. So when the condemned merchant Ægeon, telling his tale

before the Duke, asserts that his wife arrived at an inn and became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguished but by names....
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was deliveréd
Of such a burden male, twins both alike:

we must suspect that inn of more than dramatically-licensed victualling; or at least submit that here is behaviour beyond even the lax range of the Bonâ-fide Traveller. On the stage of Plautus the convention of two men being alike enough to deceive even a wife might pass. It was actually a convention of pasteboard, since the actors wore masks; you had only to paint two masks alike, and the trick was done. But even on the stage of Plautus to present *two* pairs of doubles would have been to present an impossible improbability.

Shakespeare makes that improbability still more impossible by presenting it, on *his* stage, without masks. The critical excuse for *The Comedy of Errors* is usually borrowed from a passage in Coleridge's *Literary Remains*, and runs thus:

Shakespeare has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturae*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *in-verisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted.

With all respect to Coleridge we say that this has the air of special pleading; and we distrust it the more because of its categorising farce apart from comedy and giving it 'laws of its end and constitution.' As a matter of history, and even of nomenclature, farce and comedy never have been and never can be divided into compartments with separate literary laws. If Molière and Congreve be the norm of Comedy (as Meredith in his famous Essay quite capriciously assumes) then Aristophanes is merely farcical, and—what does it matter? Who ever made these categories or gave them 'laws'? M. Maeterlinck's *L'Oiseau Bleu* or Sir James Barrie's *Peter Pan* are not farces as certainly as they are not tragedies. There is no line of demarcation—all such lines, or attempts at them, are a professional humbug of criticism. In literature it is all a question of tact. The author persuades us into the right mood, and Cinderella's godmother changes a pumpkin into a coach as readily as Gulliver finds himself in Lilliput, Peisthetairus in Nephelococcygia. We see no point at all in praising the *Errors* above the *Menaechmi* as 'the high water mark of elaborate farce in its highest signification.' It might (though we doubt it) have come near to deserve such praise had Shakespeare not set his artificial farce between the romantic-realism of the distressed merchant, with which he opens, and of the long-lost wife reclaimed, with which he concludes. As Dowden puts it:

The old man [*Ægeon*] stands before us doomed to death; and presently a play, like the flashing across and to and fro of dragon-flies, distracts our attention, but the human sorrow and affliction cannot wholly pass from view; before the close it must give place to some consolation. This is not the spirit in which mere farce is written. Plautus is in fact too light for Shakespeare.

We should prefer to say that in this early play Shakespeare already discloses his propensity for infusing

romance into each or every 'form' of drama; that unique propensity which in his later work makes him so magical and so hard to define. But, as yet, farce and romance were not one 'form' but two separate stools; and between them in *The Comedy of Errors* he fell to the ground. We should add, however, that we have never seen it on the boards, for it is seldom staged. There is some evidence that it 'acts well'—which, after all, is the test—and even that it provokes uproarious mirth.

Sundry passages, even in its farcical episodes, show us the born poet, the born romancer, itching to be at his trade. For an example:

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs;
And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie:
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drownéd if she sink!

3. 2. 45-52.

We prefix our book with a portrait of Bacon, who was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1575 and became a Bencher in 1586. It is likely enough, therefore, that he attended the performance of this play of Shakespeare's given in Gray's Inn Hall on Grand Night, Dec. 28, 1594. Indeed we may go further. In the course of the revels (as related in *Gesta Grayorum*), and some nights after the performance of 'Errors,' we find the Prince of Purpoole holding a Council and listening to the set speeches of Six Councillors, who in turn exhort him upon (1) the Exercise of War, (2) the Study of Philosophy, (3) Eternizement and Fame by Buildings and Foundations, (4) Absoluteness of State and Treasure, (5) Virtue and a gracious Government, (6) Pastimes and Sports. These addresses are fully reported, with

the Prince's reply: and James Spedding in 1861 (*Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, i. 325) boldly, on internal evidence of style, ascribed them to Bacon: the speeches of the Six Councillors, says he, 'carry his signature in every line.' Spedding, on the strength of his long and close intimacy with Bacon's style, was entitled to speak positively. That, upon examination of the speeches, we believe him to be right is as much as we can modestly say. The ascription rests on internal evidence only, save for one small fact, noted by Dr W.W. Greg, which curiously supports it—that in the index of the so-called Northumberland MS occurs the entry of an item missing from the MS itself, *Orations at Graies Inne reuells*. Indeed it lies within the range of conjecture that the pages of this missing item were removed from the Northumberland collection to be used as the 'copy' from which W. Canning in 1688 set up *Gesta Grayorum* in print.

Q.

TO THE READER

The following is a brief description of the punctuation and other typographical devices employed in the text, which have been more fully explained in the *Note on Punctuation* and the *Textual Introduction* to be found in *The Tempest* volume:

An obelisk (†) implies corruption or emendation, and suggests a reference to the Notes.

A single bracket at the beginning of a speech signifies an 'aside.'

Four dots represent a full-stop in the original, except when it occurs at the end of a speech, and they mark a long pause.

Original colons or semicolons, which denote a somewhat shorter pause, are retained, or represented as three dots when they appear to possess special dramatic significance.

Similarly, significant commas have been given as dashes.

Round brackets are taken from the original, and mark a significant change of voice; when the original brackets seem to imply little more than the drop in tone accompanying parenthesis, they are conveyed by commas or dashes.

In plays for which both Folio and Quarto texts exist, passages taken from the text not selected as the basis for the present edition will be enclosed within square brackets.

Single inverted commas (‘ ’) are editorial; double ones (‘‘ ’’) derive from the original, where they are used to draw attention to maxims, quotations, etc.

The reference number for the first line is given at the head of each page. Numerals in square brackets are placed at the beginning of the traditional acts and scenes.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

The scene : Ephesus

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus*

ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus } *twin brothers, and sons*

ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse } *to Ægeon and Æmilia*

DROMIO of Ephesus } *twin brothers, and bondmen*

DROMIO of Syracuse } *to the two Antipholuses*

BALTHAZAR

ANGELO, *a goldsmith*

A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse

Another Merchant, to whom Angelo is in debt

DOCTOR PINCH, *a schoolmaster*

ÆMILIA, *an abbess at Ephesus, wife to Ægeon*

ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus*

LUCIANA, *her sister*

LUCE, or NELL, *kitchen-maid to Adriana*

A Courtesan

Gaoler, officers, and other attendants

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

[1. 1.] *A public square in Ephesus, hard by the Mart: in the centre, at the sign of the Phœnix, the house of Antipholus of Ephesus, with a balcony; on one side, the wall of an abbey-garden, with a gate; on the other the entrance to a street. Without the garden-wall stands a judgment-seat of stone, with steps leading thereto*

The DUKE of Ephesus, followed by attendants, a gaoler, ÆGEON in charge of officers, and a crowd of citizens, enters the square and ascends the judgment-seat

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more....
I am not partial to infringe our laws;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks:
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more—if any born at Ephesus
Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs...
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus—he dies...

His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied
To quit the penalty and to ransom him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks—
Therefore by law thou art condemned to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words
are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian; say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave....
In Syracuse was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too...had not our hap been bad:
With her I lived in joy—our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death
And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself—almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear—
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrivéd where I was...
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguished but by names....

That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was deliveréd
Of such a burden male, twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons....
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon
We came aboard....
A league from Epidamnum had we sailed,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscuréd light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death,
Which, though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourned for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was—for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us....
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fast'ned him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other....
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixed,
Fast'ned ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,

Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought....

At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,

Dispersed those vapours that offended us,

And, by the benefit of his wishéd light,

The seas waxed calm, and we discoveréd

Two ships from far making amain to us:

Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.

But ere they came—O, let me say no more!—

Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man—do not break off so,

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ægeon. O, had the gods done so, I had not now

Worthily termed them merciless to us...

For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,

We were encountred by a mighty rock,

Which being violently borne upon,

Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;

So that, in this unjust divorce of us,

Fortune had left to both of us alike

What to delight in, what to sorrow for.

Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdenéd

With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,

Was carried with more speed before the wind,

And in our sight they three were taken up

By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought....

At length, another ship had seized on us—

And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,

Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrecked guests—

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail;

And therefore homeward did they bend their course....

Thus have you heard me severed from my bliss,

That by misfortunes was my life prolonged,

To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and impórtuned me,
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retained his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved....
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men...
But here must end the story of my life—
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have marked
To bear the extremity of dire mishap...
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee:
But, though thou art adjudgéd to the death,
And passéd sentence may not be recalled,
But to our honour's great disparagement...
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
†To seek thy health by beneficial help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus—
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live: if no, then thou art doomed to die...

Gaoler, take him to thy custody. [*he rises*]

Gaoler. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*they depart*]

[1. 2.] *The Mart of Ephesus: in the centre, at the sign of the Porpentine, the house of a courtesan; streets on either side, one leading to the Bay, the other to the house of Antipholus of Ephesus*

ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, his man DROMIO and a merchant enter from the street leading to the Bay

Merchant. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate:
This very day, a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here,
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west...
There is your money that I had to keep.

S. Antipholus [*to Dromio*]. Go bear it to the Centaur,
where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee;
Within this hour it will be dinner-time—
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary...
Get thee away.

S. Dromio. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*he goes*]

S. Antipholus. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests...
What, will you walk with me about the town,

And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Merchant. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

S. Antipholus. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Merchant. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*he departs*]

S. Antipholus. He, that commends me to mine
own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself....
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
†In quest of them, unhappier, lose myself.

DROMIO of Ephesus enters the Mart

Here comes the almanac of my true date:
What now! How chance thou art returned so soon?

E. Dromio. Returned so soon! rather approached
too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold:
The meat is cold, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you have no stomach:
You have no stomach, having broke your fast:
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

S. Antipholus. Stop in your wind, sir—tell me this,
I pray!

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

E. Dromio. O—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper...

The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

S. Antipholus. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?

We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dromio. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post:

If I return, I shall be post indeed,

For she will score your fault upon my pate:

Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

S. Antipholus. Come Dromio, come, these jests are
out of season—

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dromio. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

S. Antipholus. Come on, sir knave, have done
your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

E. Dromio. My charge was but to fetch you from
the mart

Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;

My mistress and her sister stay for you.

S. Antipholus. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestowed my money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours

That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

E. Dromio. I have some marks of yours upon my pate:

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders:
 But not a thousand marks between you both....
 If I should pay your worship those again,
 Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

S. Antipholus. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress,
 slave, hast thou?

E. Dromio. Your worship's wife, my mistress at
 the Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
 And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

S. Antipholus. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
 Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave. [*he beats him*]

E. Dromio. What mean you, sir? for God's sake
 hold your hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*he takes flight*]

S. Antipholus. Upon my life, by some device or other,
 The villain is o'er-raught of all my money....

They say this town is full of cozenage:

As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
 Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
 Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
 Disguiséd cheaters, prating mountebanks,
 And many such-like liberties of sin:

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner...

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave.

I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*he follows Dromio*]

[2. 1.] *The square before the house of Antipholus*

ADRIANA and LUCIANA come forth

Adriana. Neither my husband nor the slave returned,
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luciana. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner...
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret;

A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master, and when they see time,

They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

Adriana. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luciana. Because their business still lies out-a-door.

Adriana. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luciana. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adriana. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luciana. Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe:

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky....

The beasts, the fishes, and the wingéd fowls

Are their males' subjects and at their controls:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world and wild watry seas,

Indued with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adriana. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luciana. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adriana. But, were you wedded, you would bear
some sway.

Luciana. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adriana. How if your husband start some
other where?

Luciana. Till he come home again, I would forbear—

Adriana. Patience unmoved! no marvel though
she pause—

They can be meek that have no other cause:

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry....
But were we burd'ned with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begged patience in thee will be left.

Luciana. Well, I will marry one day, but to try...
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

DROMIO of Ephesus comes up, rubbing his head

Adriana. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dromio. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and
that my two ears can witness.

Adriana. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st
thou his mind?

E. Dromio. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear—
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luciana. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not
feel his meaning?

E. Dromio. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too
well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I
could scarce understand them.

Adriana. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dromio. Why, mistress, sure my master is
horn-mad.

Adriana. Horn-mad, thou villain!

E. Dromio. I mean not cuckold-mad—
But, sure, he is stark mad:

When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He asked me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I: 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I: 'My gold!' quoth he:

'Will you come home?' quoth I: 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burned': 'My gold!' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir—' quoth I: 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know thy mistress not, out on thy mistress!'

Luciana. Quoth who?

E. Dromio. Quoth my master.

'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress'...
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adriana. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch
him home.

E. Dromio. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake send some other messenger.

Adriana. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dromio. And he will bless that cross with
other beating:

Between you, I shall have a holy head.

Adriana. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy
master home. *[she beats him]*

E. Dromio. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[he goes]

Luciana. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adriana. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th'alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it....
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard....
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault, he's master of my state....
 What ruins are in me that can be found,
 By him not ruined? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures....My decayéd fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair....
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luciana. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence.

Adriana. Unfeeling fools can with such
 wrongs dispense...

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere,
 Or else what lets it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know he promised me a chain—
 Would that alone o' love he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
 I see the jewel best enamelled
 Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still
 That others touch, and often touching will,
 †Where gold and no man that hath a name,
 By falsehood and corruption doth it shame...
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away and weeping die.

Luciana. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!
 [*they go within*]

[2.2.] *The Mart of Ephesus*

ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse comes up the street, musing

S. Antipholus. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave
 Is wandred forth, in care to seek me out.
 By computation and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio since at first
 I sent him from the mart! See, here he comes.

DROMIO of Syracuse approaches

How now, sir! is your merry humour altered?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again...
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dromio. What answer, sir? when spake I such
a word?

S. Antipholus. Even now, even here, not half an
hour since.

S. Dromio. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

S. Antipholus. Villain, thou didst deny the
gold's receipt,

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner—
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

S. Dromio. I am glad to see you in this merry vein.
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

S. Antipholus. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in
the teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*'beats Dromio'*]

S. Dromio. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest
is earnest.

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

S. Antipholus. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams...
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dromio. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head. An you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

S. Antipholus. Dost thou not know?

S. Dromio. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

S. Antipholus. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dromio. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

S. Antipholus. Why, first for flouting me, and
then wherefore,

For urging it the second time to me.

S. Dromio. Was there ever any man thus beaten out
of season,

When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme
nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

S. Antipholus. Thank me, sir, for what?

S. Dromio. Marry, sir, for this something that you
gave me for nothing.

S. Antipholus. I'll make you amends next, to give you
nothing for something....But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dromio. No, sir. I think the meat wants that I
have.

S. Antipholus. In good time, sir: what's that?

S. Dromio. Basting.

S. Antipholus. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dromio. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

S. Antipholus. Your reason?

S. Dromio. Lest it make you choleric and purchase
me another dry basting.

S. Antipholus. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time—
there's a time for all things.

S. Dromio. I durst have denied that, before you were so cholerick.

S. Antipholus. By what rule, sir?

S. Dromio. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

S. Antipholus. Let's hear it.

S. Dromio. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

S. Antipholus. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dromio. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.

S. Antipholus. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dromio. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

S. Antipholus. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dromio. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

S. Antipholus. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dromio. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

S. Antipholus. For what reason?

S. Dromio. For two—and sound ones too.

S. Antipholus. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

S. Dromio. Sure ones then.

S. Antipholus. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

S. Dromio. Certain ones then.

S. Antipholus. Name them.

S. Dromio. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

S. Antipholus. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

S. Dromio. Marry, and did, sir: namely, tē'en no time to recover hair lost by nature.

S. Antipholus. But your reason was not substantial why there is no time to recover.

S. Dromio. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

S. Antipholus. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion...

ADRIANA enters the Mart, with LUCIANA, and beckons to Antipholus of Syracuse

But soft, who wafts us yonder? [*he draws near*

Adriana. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown, Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife....

The time was once, when thou unurged wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savoured in thy taste,

Unless I spake, looked, touched, or carved to thee....

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,

That thou art then estrangéd from thyself?

Thy self I call it, being strange to me...

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part....

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For know, my love...as easy mayst thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition, or diminishing,

As take from me thyself and not me too....

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stained skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst—and therefore, see thou do it....
I am possessed with an adulterate blot,
†My blood is mingled with the grime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion...
†I live distained, thou undishonoured.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed!

S. Antipholus. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know
you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk—
Who, every word by all my wit being scanned,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luciana. Fie, brother! how the world is changed
with you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

S. Antipholus. By Dromio?

S. Dromio. By me?

Adriana. By thee, and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

S. Antipholus. Did you converse, sir, with
this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compáct?

S. Dromio. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

S. Antipholus. Villain, thou liest, for even her
very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dromio. I never spake with her in all my life.

S. Antipholus. How can she thus then call us by
our names?

Unless it be by inspiration.

Adriana. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood;
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt....
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine...
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss,
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.

(*S. Antipholus.* To me she speaks, she moves me for
her theme;

What, was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?

Until I know this sure uncertainty,

I'll entertain the offered fallacy.

Luciana. Dromio, go bid the servants spread
for dinner.

S. Dromio. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner....

This is the fairy land—O, spite of spites!—

†We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites;

If we obey them not, this will ensue:
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luciana. Why prat'st thou to thyself and
answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.

S. Dromio. I am transforméd, master, am not I?

S. Antipholus. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

S. Dromio. Nay, master, both in mind and in
my shape.

S. Antipholus. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dromio. No, I am an ape.

Luciana. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

S. Dromio. 'Tis true, she rides me and I long
for grass....

'Tis so, I am an ass—else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adriana. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn...
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate:
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter...
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

(*S. Antipholus.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I'll say as they say, and perséver so...
And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dromio. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adriana. Ay, and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luciana. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[they go]

[3. 1.] *The square before the house of Antipholus*

*ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, his man DROMIO, ANGELO
a goldsmith, and BALTHAZAR enter the square*

E. Antipholus. Good Signior Angelo, you must
excuse us all—

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours;
Say that I lingered with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home....
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house;
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E. Dromio. Say what you will, sir, but I know what
I know—

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show;
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave
were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

E. Antipholus. I think thou art an ass.

E. Dromio. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kicked, and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.

E. Antipholus. Y'are sad, Signior Balthazar—pray
God, our cheer

May answer my good will and your good
welcome here.

Balthazar. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
welcome dear.

E. Antipholus. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Balthazar. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

E. Antipholus. And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.

Balthazar. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

E. Antipholus. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part.
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart....
But soft, my door is locked; go bid them let us in.

E. Dromio. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely,
Gillian, Ginn!

S. Dromio [*from within*]. Mome, malt-horse, capon,
coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from
the door.

E. Dromio. What patch is made our porter? My
master stays in the street.

S. Dromio. Let him walk from whence he came, lest
he catch cold on's feet.

E. Antipholus. Who talks within there? ho, open
the door!

S. Dromio. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell
me wherefore.

E. Antipholus. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not
dined to-day.

S. Dromio. Nor to-day here you must not; come again
when you may.

E. Antipholus. What art thou that keep'st me out from
the house I owe?

S. Dromio. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dromio. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame...
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
†Thou wouldst have changed thy face for an aim, or
thy name for an ass.

LUCE, the kitchen-maid, comes out upon the balcony

Luce. What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate?

E. Dromio. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no, he comes too late—
And so tell your master.

E. Dromio. O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another, that's—When? can you tell?

S. Dromio. If thy name be called Luce—Luce, thou hast answered him well.

E. Antipholus. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have asked you.

S. Dromio. And you said, no.

[*E. Antipholus beats upon the door*

E. Dromio. So, come, help—well struck—there was blow for blow.

E. Antipholus. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dromio. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ache.

E. Antipholus. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

ADRIANA comes out upon the balcony

Adriana. Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

S. Dromio. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Antipholus. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adriana. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door. *[the women go in]*

E. Dromio. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.

Angelo. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome! We would fain have either.

Balthazar. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Dromio. They stand at the door, master. Bid them welcome hither.

E. Antipholus. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dromio. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin....

Your cake here is warm within: you stand here in the cold....

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

E. Antipholus. Go, fetch me something—I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dromio. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dromio. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind:

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dromio. It seems thou want'st breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

E. Dromio. Here's too much 'out upon thee'! I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dromio. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Antipholus. Well, I'll break in...Go borrow me a crow.

E. Dromio. A crow without feather? master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Antipholus. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Balthazar. Have patience, sir—O, let it not be so!

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

Th'unviolated honour of your wife....

Once this—your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you....

Be ruled by me, depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner.

And, about evening, come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint...

If by strong hand you offer to break in,

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it;

And that supposed by the common rout

Against your yet ungalléd estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;

For slander lives upon succession;
For ever houséd where it gets possession.

E. Antipholus. You have prevailed. I will depart
in quiet,

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry...
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild and yet, too, gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [*to Angelo*] Get you home,
And fetch the chain—by this, I know, 'tis made—
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine,
For there's the house... That chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste...
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Angelo. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

E. Antipholus. Do so. This jest shall cost me
some expense. [*they go*]

[3. 2.] *The door opens; LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of
Syracuse come forth*

Luciana. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot?
†Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth,
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator:

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty:
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint,
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attain?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
Ill deed is doubled with an evil word...
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us—
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us....
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

S. Antipholus. Sweet mistress—what your name is
else, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine...
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine....
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smoth' red in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit...
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield....
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:

Far more, far more, to you do I decline...

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs;

And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie:

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death that hath such means to die:

Let Love, being light, be drownéd if she sink!

Luciana. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

S. Antipholus. Not mad, but mated—how, I do
not know.

Luciana. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Antipholus. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
being by.

Luciana. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
your sight.

S. Antipholus. As good to wink, sweet love, as look
on night.

Luciana. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

S. Antipholus. Thy sister's sister.

Luciana. That's my sister.

S. Antipholus. No:

It is thyself, mine own self's better part:

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim;

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luciana. All this my sister is, or else should be.

S. Antipholus. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

Luciana. O, soft, sir, hold you still...

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*she goes within*]

DROMIO of Syracuse runs from the house

S. Antipholus. Why, how now, Dromio! where run'st thou so fast?

S. Dromio. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

S. Antipholus. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

S. Dromio. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

S. Antipholus. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

S. Dromio. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Antipholus. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dromio. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast—not that, I being a beast, she would have me, but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Antipholus. What is she?

S. Dromio. A very reverend body: ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say 'Sir-reverence.' I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Antipholus. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

S. Dromio. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease—and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light....I warrant her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Antipholus. What complexion is she of?

S. Dromio. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing

like so clean kept: for why? she sweats, a man may go over-shoes in the grime of it.

S. Antipholus. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dromio. No, sir, 'tis in grain—Noah's flood could not do it.

S. Antipholus. What's her name?

S. Dromio. Nell, sir: but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Antipholus. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dromio. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Antipholus. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Dromio. Marry, sir, in her buttocks—I found it out by the bogs.

S. Antipholus. Where Scotland?

S. Dromio. I found it by the †barren-nesses, hard in the palm of the hand.

S. Antipholus. Where France?

S. Dromio. In her forehead—armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

S. Antipholus. Where England?

S. Dromio. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them....But I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

S. Antipholus. Where Spain?

S. Dromio. Faith, I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Antipholus. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dromio. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

S. Antipholus. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dromio. O, sir, I did not look so low....To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me—called me Dromio, swore I was assured to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch....

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,
and my heart of steel,

She had transformed me to a curtal-dog, and made me
turn i'th' wheel.

S. Antipholus. Go, hie thee presently post to the road,
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night....

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me...

If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dromio. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*he goes*]

S. Antipholus. There's none but witches do inhabit here,
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence...

She that doth call me husband, even my soul

Doth for a wife abhor....but her fair sister,

Possessed with such a gentle sovereign grace,

Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

Hath almost made me traitor to myself:

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,

I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

'Enter ANGELO with the chain'

Angelo. Master Antipholus—

S. Antipholus. Ay, that's my name.

Angelo. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain.

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine.
The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

S. Antipholus [*takes the chain*]. What is your will that
I shall do with this?

Angelo. What please yourself, sir: I have made it
for you.

S. Antipholus. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Angelo. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it and please your wife withal,
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Antipholus. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Angelo. You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well.

[*he goes*]

S. Antipholus. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offered chain....

I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts:
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay—
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*he departs*]

[4. 1.]

The Mart of Ephesus

ANGELO enters, with a merchant and an officer

Merchant. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtuned you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Angelo. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus,

And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain. At five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus
come forth 'from the courtesan's'*

Officer. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

E. Antipholus. While I go to the goldsmith's house,
go thou

And buy a rope's-end—that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day...
But soft, I see the goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dromio. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy
a rope! *[he runs off, shouting]*

E. Antipholus. A man is well holp up that trusts
to you!

I promiséd your presence and the chain,
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chained together; and therefore came not.

Angelo. Saving your merry humour...here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost charect,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion—
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman.

I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Antipholus. I am not furnished with the
present money:

Besides, I have some business in the town.

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof.
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Angelo. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

E. Antipholus. No, bear it with you, lest I come not
time enough.

Angelo. Well, sir, I will...Have you the chain
about you?

E. Antipholus. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have:
Or else you may return without your money.

Angelo. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Antipholus. Good Lord! you use this dalliance
to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Merchant. The hour steals on—I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Angelo. You hear, how he impórtunes me—the chain!

E. Antipholus. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch
your money.

Angelo. Come, come, you know, I gave it you
even now;

Either send the chain or send me by some token.

E. Antipholus. Fie! now you run this humour out
of breath.

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Merchant. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whe'er you'll answer me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Antipholus. I answer you! What should I
answer you?

Angelo. The money that you owe me for the chain.

E. Antipholus. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Angelo. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Antipholus. You gave me none, you wrong me much to say so.

Angelo. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it....

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Merchant. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Officer. I do,

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Angelo. This touches me in reputation....

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Antipholus. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Angelo. Here is thy fee, arrest him officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Officer. I do arrest you, sir. You hear the suit.

E. Antipholus. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Angelo. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
'To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

DROMIO of Syracuse returns 'from the Bay'

S. Dromio. Master, there's a bark of Epidamnium,

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then she bears away....Our fraughtage, sir,

I have conveyed aboard, and I have bought

The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ....

The ship is in her trim, the merry wind

Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

E. Antipholus. How now! a madman? Why, thou
peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

S. Dromio. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Antipholus. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for
a rope,

And told thee to what purpose and what end.

S. Dromio. You sent me for a rope's-end, sir, as soon....

You sent me to the Bay, sir, for a bark.

E. Antipholus. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed...

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry

There is a purse of ducats—let her send it:

Tell her I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave—be gone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*he departs with the officer; Angelo and
the merchant following*]

S. Dromio. To Adriana! that is where we dined,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband.

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will;

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*he goes*]

[4.2.] *The square before the house of Antipholus*

ADRIANA and LUCIANA come forth

Adriana. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye,

That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?

Looked he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case,

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luciana. First, he denied you had in him no right.

Adriana. He meant he did me none: the more my spite.

Luciana. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adriana. And true he swore, though yet forsworn
he were.

Luciana. Then pleaded I for you.

Adriana. And what said he?

Luciana. That love I begged for you, he begged of me.

Adriana. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luciana. With words that in an honest suit
might move....

First, he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adriana. Didst speak him fair?

Luciana. Have patience, I beseech.

Adriana. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still.

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will....

He is deforméd, crookéd, old and sere,

Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless every where:

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luciana. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.

Adriana. Ah, but I think him better than I say...

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

DROMIO of Syracuse runs up

S. Dromio. †Here, go...the desk, the purse! sweat
now, make haste.

Luciana. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dromio. By running fast.

Adriana. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

S. Dromio. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel:
†A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough:
A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff:
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the Judgement, carries poor souls
to 'hell.'

Adriana. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dromio. I do not know the matter, he is 'rested on
the case.

Adriana. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

S. Dromio. I know not at whose suit he is
arrested well;

†But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can
I tell.

Will you send him, Mistress Redemption, the money
in his desk?

Adriana. Go fetch it, sister... This I wonder at,

[*Luciana goes within*]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt...

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. Dromio. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

Adriana. What, the chain?

S. Dromio. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that
I were gone...

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adriana. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

S. Dromio. O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, a'
turns back for very fear.

Adriana. As if Time were in debt: how fondly dost
thou reason!

S. Dromio. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more
than he's worth to season....

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

†If he be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

LUCIANA returns with a purse

Adriana. Go, Dromio. There's the money, bear
it straight,

And bring thy master home immediately.... [*he goes*]

Come, sister. I am pressed down with conceit:

Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*they go within*]

[4. 3.] *The Mart of Ephesus*

*ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse approaches, musing; the
chain about his neck*

S. Antipholus. There's not a man I meet but doth
salute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend,

And every one doth call me by my name:

Some tender money to me, some invite me;

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;

Some offer me commodities to buy....

Even now a tailor called me in his shop,

And showed me silks that he had bought for me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my body....

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,

And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

DROMIO of Syracuse returns, running

S. Dromio. Master, here's the gold you sent me for...

†Where have you got the picture of old Adam new-
apparelled?

S. Antipholus. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

S. Dromio. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise... but that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Antipholus. I understand thee not.

S. Dromio. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a sob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

S. Antipholus. What, thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dromio. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band: he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band: one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest!'

S. Antipholus. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.... Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dromio. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark 'Expedition' put forth to-night, and then were you hindered by the sergeant to tarry for the hoy 'Delay'...Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

S. Antipholus. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

The Courtesan, clad in a gay vestment, comes from her house

Courtesan. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus...
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

S. Antipholus. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

S. Dromio. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

S. Antipholus. It is the devil.

S. Dromio. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam... and here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes that the wenches say 'God damn me,' that's as much as to say 'God make me a light wench' ...It is written, they appear to men like angels of light. Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn: ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Courtesan. Your man and you are marvellous
merry, sir....

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dromio. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

S. Antipholus. Why, Dromio?

S. Dromio. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

S. Antipholus. Avoid, thou fiend! what tell'st thou me
of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Courtesan. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dromio. Some devils ask but the parings of
one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone...

But she, more covetous, would have a chain...

Master, be wise—an if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Courtesan. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so!

S. Antipholus. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio,
let us go. *[he departs in haste]*

S. Dromio. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock—Mistress,
that you know. *[he follows]*

Courtesan. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain—
Both one and other he denies me now...
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance....
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way...
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rushed into my house and took perforce
My ring away.... This course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose. *[she goes]*

[4. 4.] *ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus returns with the officer*

E. Antipholus. Fear me not, man, I will not
break away.
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for....
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attached in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears....

'Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's-end'

Here comes my man, I think he brings the money....
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

E. Dromio. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Antipholus. But where's the money?

E. Dromio. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Antipholus. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dromio. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Antipholus. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dromio. To a rope's-end, sir, and to that end am I returned.

E. Antipholus. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. *[he beats him]*

Officer. Good sir, be patient.

E. Dromio. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient. I am in adversity.

Officer. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dromio. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Antipholus. Thou whoreson, senseless villain! *[he beats him again]*

E. Dromio. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Antipholus. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dromio. I am an ass, indeed—you may prove it by my long 'ears....I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows....When I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep, raised with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcomed home with it when I return, nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat: and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*'ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan and a schoolmaster
called PINCH' enter the Mart*

E. Antipholus. Come, go along—my wife is
coming yonder.

E. Dromio. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your
end, or rather, to prophesy like the parrot, 'beware the
rope's-end.'

E. Antipholus. Wilt thou still talk? [*he beats him*
Courtesan. How say you now? is not your
husband mad?

Adriana. His incivility confirms no less...
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer—
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luciana. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Courtesan. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.
[*Antipholus strikes him*

E. Antipholus. There is my hand, and let it feel
your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
'To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

E. Antipholus. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am
not mad.

Adriana. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Antipholus. You minion, you, are these
your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adriana. O, husband, God doth know you dined
at home,

Where would you had remained until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame.

E. Antipholus. Dined at home! Thou villain, what
sayest thou?

E. Dromio. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Antipholus. Were not my doors locked up, and I
shut out?

E. Dromio. Perdie, your doors were locked, and you
shut out.

E. Antipholus. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dromio. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

E. Antipholus. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt,
and scorn me?

E. Dromio. Certes, she did—the kitchen-vestal
scorned you.

E. Antipholus. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dromio. In verity, you did—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adriana. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame. The fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him humours well his frenzy.

E. Antipholus. Thou hast suborned the goldsmith to
arrest me.

Adriana. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dromio. Money by me? heart and good-will
you might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

E. Antipholus. Went'st not thou to her for a purse
of ducats?

Adriana. He came to me, and I delivered it.

Luciana. And I am witness with her that she did.

E. Dromio. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possessed—
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

E. Antipholus. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me
forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adriana. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dromio. And, gentle master, I received no gold:
But I confess, sir, that we were locked out.

Adriana. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false
in both.

E. Antipholus. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damnéd pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*he makes toward her*]

Adriana [*shrieks*]. O, bind him, bind him, let him
not come near me.

Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within him.

'*Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he strives*'

Luciana. Ay me! poor man, how pale and wan
he looks.

E. Antipholus. What, will you murder me? Thou
gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

[*he is bound*]

Officer. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

[*they bind Dromio of Ephesus*]

Adriana. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Officer. He is my prisoner—if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adriana. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it....
Good master doctor, see him safe conveyed
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

E. Antipholus. O most unhappy strumpet!

E. Dromio. Master, I am here entred in bond for you.

E. Antipholus. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost
thou mad me?

E. Dromio. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
good master—

Cry, 'The devil!'

Luciana. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk.

Adriana. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you
with me....

*Pinch and his assistants carry off Antipholus of
Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Officer. One Angelo a goldsmith, do you know him?

Adriana. I know the man: what is the sum he owes?

Officer. Two hundred ducats.

Adriana. Say, how grows it due?

Officer. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adriana. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Courtesan. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring—
The ring I saw upon his finger now—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adriana. It may be so, but I did never see it....
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*'Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn,
and DROMIO of Syracuse'*

Luciana. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adriana. And come with naked swords—let's call
more help

To have them bound again.

Officer. Away, they'll kill us.

They 'run all out, as fast as may be, frightened'

S. Antipholus. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dromio. She that would be your wife now ran
from you.

S. Antipholus. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuff
from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

S. Dromio. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely
do us no harm: you see they speak us fair, give us gold:
methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the
mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I
could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Antipholus. I will not stay to-night for all the town—
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*they go*]

[5. 1.] *The square before the house of Antipholus*

ANGELO and the merchant return

Angelo. I am sorry, sir, that I have hindred you,
But I protest he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Merchant. How is the man esteemed here in the city?

Angelo. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,

Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Merchant. Speak softly—yonder, as I think, he walks.

ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse approach

Angelo. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have....

Good sir, draw near with me, I'll speak to him...

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble,

And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance and oaths so to deny

This chain which now you wear so openly....

Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who, but for staying on our controversy,

Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:

This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Antipholus. I think I had. I never did deny it.

Merchant. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

S. Antipholus. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Merchant. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did
hear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st

To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Antipholus. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand...

Merchant. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*they draw*]

ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan, and others appear

Adriana. Hold, hurt him not for God's sake! he is mad.

Some get within him, take his sword away:

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dromio. Run, master, run—for God's sake take
a house—

This is some priory—in—or we are spoiled.

*They take flight into the abbey; the others make to
pursue; the Lady Abbess meets them at the gate*

Abbess. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng
you hither?

Adriana. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Angelo. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Merchant. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abbess. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adriana. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack
of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Strayed his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing....
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adriana. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abbess. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adriana. Why, so I did.

Abbess. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adriana. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abbess. Haply, in private.

Adriana. And in assemblies too.

Abbess. Ay, but not enough.

Adriana. It was the copy of our conference....

In bed, he slept not for my urging it:
At board, he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subject of my theme:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abbess. And thereof came it that the man was mad....

The venom clamour of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred—
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hindred by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
†But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturbed, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luciana. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

Adriana. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

Abbess. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adriana. Then, let your servants bring my
husband forth.

Abbess. Neither...He took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adriana. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abbess. Be patient, for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approvéd means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adriana. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abbess. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.
[*she goes within and shuts the gate*]

Luciana. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adriana. Come, go, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Merchant. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
†The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Angelo. Upon what cause?

Merchant. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this Bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Angelo. See, where they come, we will behold his death.

Luciana. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

A procession draws near: the DUKE of Ephesus, ÆGEON the merchant of Syracuse, bareheaded, with the headsman and other officers

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die—so much we tender him.

Adriana. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady.
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adriana. May it please your grace, Antipholus,
my husband—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him:
That desp'rately he hurried through the street—
With him his bondman all as mad as he—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses...bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like....
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away: till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,

And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence....
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could....
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me:
I will determine this before I stir.

A servant runs from the house

Servant. O mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself.
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adriana. Peace, fool, thy master and his man
are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Servant. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true,
I have not breathed almost since I did see it....
He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you...

Cries heard from the house

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress...fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing...Guard
with halberds!

ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus appear on the steps of the house, with lighted brands

Adriana. Ay me, it is my husband...Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible!

Even now we housed him in the abbey here....

And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

E. Antipholus [*advances and kneels*]. Justice, most
gracious duke! O, grant me justice,

Even for the service that long since I did thee,

When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took

Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood

That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

E. Antipholus. Justice, sweet prince, against that
woman there...

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;

That hath abuséd and dishonoured me,

Even in the strength and height of injury...

Beyond imagination is the wrong

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Antipholus. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault...Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adriana. No, my good lord....Myself, he, and my sister

To-day did dine together: so befall my soul

As this is false he burdens me withal.

Luciana. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth.

Angelo. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

E. Antipholus. My liege, I am adviséd what I say—
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad....
This woman locked me out this day from dinner;
That goldsmith there, were he not packed with her,
Could witness it...for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together....
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him....In the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman....
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not....for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer....
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none returned.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house....
By th' way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates...Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain;
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch;
A living-dead man....This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possessed....Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,

And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together—
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gained my freedom; and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Angelo. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he dined not at home, but was locked out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Angelo. He had, my lord, and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Merchant. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

E. Antipholus. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven:
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup:
If here you housed him, here he would have been....
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home, the goldsmith here
Denies that saying....Sirrah, what say you?

E. Dromio. Sir, he dined with her there at
the Porpentine.

Courtesan. He did, and from my finger snatched
that ring.

E. Antipholus. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had
of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Courtesan. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange...Go call the
abbess hither....

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

An attendant enters the abbey-gate

Ægeon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

E. Dromio. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnawed in two my cords.
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure you both of you remember me.

E. Dromio. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you:
For lately we were bound, as you are now....
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know
me well.

E. Antipholus. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ægeon. O, grief hath changed me since you saw
me last,

And careful hours with 'Time's deforméd hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Antipholus. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dromio. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure thou dost!

E. Dromio. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not—and what-
soever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity,
Hast thou so cracked and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up...
Yet hath my night of life some memory:
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left:
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

E. Antipholus. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted. But, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. Antipholus. The duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so....
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*The Abbess, ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and
DROMIO of Syracuse come from the abbey*

Abbess. Most mighty duke, behold a man
much wronged. [*'all gather to see them'*]

Adriana. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other...
And so of these, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

S. Dromio. I, sir, am Dromio—command him away.

E. Dromio. I, sir, am Dromio—pray let me stay.

S. Antipholus. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dromio. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abbess. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds, And gain a husband by his liberty...

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou beest the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons!
O, if thou beest the same Ægeon, speak...
And speak unto the same Æmilia.

(*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance...
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abbess. By men of Epidamnum, he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum....
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke [to *S. Antipholus*]. Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

S. Antipholus. No, sir, not I. I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart—I know not which is which.

E. Antipholus. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

E. Dromio. And I with him.

E. Antipholus. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renownéd uncle.

Adriana. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Antipholus. I, gentle mistress.

Adriana. And are not you my husband?

E. Antipholus. No, I say nay to that.

S. Antipholus. And so do I, yet did she call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother....What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good,

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Angelo. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

S. Antipholus. I think it be, sir. I deny it not.

E. Antipholus. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Angelo. I think I did, sir. I deny it not.

Adriana. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio—but I think he brought it not.

E. Dromio. No, none by me.

S. Antipholus. This purse of ducats I received from you,

And Dromio my man did bring them me:

I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors are arose.

E. Antipholus. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Courtesan. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Antipholus. There, take it, and much thanks for my
good cheer.

Abbess. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discourséd all our fortunes:

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathizéd one day's error

Have suffered wrong, go, keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction....

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons—and till this present hour

†My heavy burden ne'er deliveréd...
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
†Go to a gossips' feast, and joy with me
†After so long grief such festivity!

Duke. With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast.

All enter the abbey, save the four brothers

S. Dromio. Master, shall I fetch your stuff
from shipboard?

E. Antipholus. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast
thou embarked?

S. Dromio. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in
the Centaur.

S. Antipholus. He speaks to me. I am your
master, Dromio....

Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

*Antipholus of Syracuse and Antipholus of Ephesus
pass through the gate, arm in arm*

S. Dromio. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchened me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dromio. Methinks you are my glass, and not
my brother:

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dromio. Not I, sir, you are my elder.

E. Dromio. That's a question—how shall we try it?

S. Dromio. We'll draw cuts for the senior—till then,
lead thou first.

E. Dromio. Nay, then thus: *[they join hands]*
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[they enter the abbey]

THE COPY FOR *THE COMEDY OF ERRORS*, 1623

The Folio gives us the earliest extant text of *Errors*, and as the play is entered to Blount and Jaggard, together with other Folio plays¹, in the Stationers' Register for November 8, 1623, there is a strong presumption that it had not previously seen the light of print. We make a point of this, because there are certain features of the text which might tempt one to believe that the Folio printers had here a lost Quarto to go upon, as they had Quartos, not lost, in the case of the succeeding four plays in the volume. For if Heminge and Condell furnished Jaggard with a MS copy of *Errors*, it is not easy to define its character. On the whole the text is a clean one, strikingly so to an editor fresh from the puzzling disorder of *Measure for Measure*. Yet it exhibits phenomena which mark it off as different not only from any Folio text we have hitherto handled but also from the Good Quartos as a class. Its outstanding textual features may be classified under the following heads:—

(i) *Normality of spelling*. In § 5 of the Textual Introduction to this edition we pointed out that in books set up from the authors' MSS, authors' spellings, which were in general far more archaic than those of competent compositors of that period, were liable to crop up by inadvertence in print. The Good Quartos are full of these copy-spellings, which may be taken as specimens of Shakespeare's orthography. And even the Bad Quartos of *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*, which were in part

¹ By 'Folio plays' we mean texts which were not printed in any form before 1623.

set up from transcripts of the original, provide us with spellings which must be regarded as Shakespearian inasmuch as they correspond at times with abnormal spellings found in parallel passages of the Good Quartos. In other words, while a transcriber would obliterate most of the original spellings, occasionally he let them through, so to speak, when a word in the MS happened to catch his eye. Now one of the most remarkable features of *Errors* is the consistent normality of its orthography. There are, it is true, a few spellings, like 'sonne' (sun), 'waight' (weight), 'arrant' (errand), 'tearme' and 'theame,' which might strike the modern reader as odd and the student of the Good Quartos is possibly Shakespearian, but such forms are in reality by no means uncommon in sixteenth and early seventeenth century books. Indeed the only two words in the whole text which seem in any way abnormal for a compositor of the period are 'swoats' (3. 2. 103) and 'bralles' (5. 1. 77), and if these be not misprints they are probably un-Shakespearian forms, since they are without parallel in the Good Quartos. The text of *Errors*, in a word, as far as spelling is concerned, contains nothing which points to a close connexion with Shakespeare's original. This condition of affairs might be explained, had the Folio been set up from a late edition of a Quarto which first got into print, say, about 1594, since each successive compositor would have obliterated more and more of Shakespeare's traces as edition followed edition. But while a single edition in quarto might have perished, the series of editions which the hypothesis requires is quite out of the question; we must, therefore, cast around for another explanation. Unless we are mistaken, a consideration of the misprints of the text will furnish us with what we need.

(ii) *Auditory misprints.* As we have said, *Errors* is a clean text, superficially much cleaner than that of the majority of the Good Quartos. It contains very few

serious cruxes, and they can mostly be accounted for as the result of playhouse 'cuts.' Yet there are a number of trivial misprints, almost all of which have been corrected by previous editors, and the interesting thing about them is that some can only be explained as mishearings, that others can more easily be explained as mishearings than as misreadings, while the theory of mishearing also works when applied to certain doubtful readings which previous editors have not been able to solve. Reserving a detailed consideration of these auditory misprints for the Notes, we may here gather the chief of them together in tabular form:

(a) Misdivisions: 'vnhappie a' for 'unhappier' (1. 2. 40); 'a name' for 'an aim' (3. 1. 47); 'burthen are' for 'burden ne'er' (5. 1. 402); and we may perhaps include 'a riual' for 'arrival' (1. 2. 4) with this class. (b) Confusion of consonants: 'helpe' for 'health' (1. 1. 151); 'them' for 'men' (2. 2. 79); 'crime' for 'grime' (2. 2. 141); 'depth' for 'death' (5. 1. 121). (c) Confusion of vowels: 'in' for 'e'en' (2. 2. 101); 'is' for 'he's' (4. 2. 45); 'I' for 'he' (4. 2. 60). All these three, it will be noted, are cases of *i:e* confusion, and may point to dialect peculiarity.

Few, if any, of these misprints can be explained on the ordinary lines of the *ductus litterarum*. Clearly, we think, the mischief lies not with the eye of the transmitter but with his ear. It is, for example, very difficult to understand how a compositor or transcriber, seeing 'burthen nere' in his copy, could have transformed the words into 'burthen are,' whereas if he did not see them because they were read aloud to him the mistake would be easy enough. In short, we believe we have in *Errors* a text which at some time has gone through the process of dictation. And if so, it must have been dictated to a scribe, since the possibility of dictation may be definitely put aside as far as the printing-house is concerned, for the simple reason that it would increase the cost of labour

without saving any time to speak of¹. But we can predicate nothing definite about the more haphazard methods of the playhouse. There, out of play-hours, just as in a school out of work-hours, idle fellows might be about, and in both cases a person with the task before him of copying out so many lines has the standing temptation to call someone to his assistance and bid him read the lines aloud as he writes them out. Further, the dictation-theory affords us a solution of our difficulty with the spelling. Obviously a dictated text will be entirely in the spelling of the scribe, though it is important to note that the spelling, to say nothing of the handwriting, of the original may even under these circumstances influence the copy to some extent, since it may lead astray the person who is reading the lines aloud, and so give rise to misprints not greatly dissimilar to those found in other texts. As to the remarkable normality of the orthography, this simply implies that the spelling of the scribe closely approximated to that of the printing-houses of his time. He may have been a professional scrivener, or he may have been a player who had at some period worked in a printing-office. Such players were not unknown: Anthony Munday, for example, had been apprenticed to John Alde and his spelling, to judge by his MS text of *Sir Thomas More*, was very much that of the ordinary compositor.

(iii) *Speech-headings and stage-directions*. Assuming then that the copy for *The Comedy of Errors*, 1623, was not Shakespeare's original but some sort of transcript therefrom, written in the playhouse at dictation, we have next to enquire what was the character of this transcript and for what purpose was it made? The question introduces us to a consideration of the most patent peculiarity of the text, its strange stage-directions. But before

¹ v. R. B. McKerrow, 'Notes on Bibliographical evidence for literary students and editors,' *Trans. Bib. Soc.* vol. xii. pp. 243-4.

dealing with these we shall do well to look at the speech-headings.

In the Good Quartos, as we shall find, Shakespeare was both careless and forgetful in regard to the names of his minor characters, such carelessness generally denoting revision of an old text. In *Errors* the word 'Egeon' occurs five times in the dialogue (1. 1. 140, 157; 5. 1. 337, 341, 344), but never in the speech-headings or the stage-directions. At the head of 1. 1. he is described as 'the Merchant of Siracusa,' and his speeches in this scene are labelled with various abbreviations of 'Merchant.' But the play is full of 'merchants,' and in 5. 1. matters become complicated, since there is another merchant (name unknown) also present. Ægeon's first speech in 5. 1. is therefore headed 'Mar. Fat.' (i.e. merchant father) and the others 'Fa.,' 'Fath.,' 'Fat.' and so on. Yet the use of 'Eg.' would seem to have offered a far less clumsy way out of the difficulty. Why was it not resorted to? The right answer may be that Shakespeare was revising an old play, and could not be bothered to remember the name 'Egeon,' except when it cropped up in the dialogue he was working upon (v. § v below). In the same way, though the speech-heading 'Ang.' is employed for Angelo in 3. 1. and 3. 2., he becomes 'Gold.' (i.e. goldsmith) for the rest of the play.

On the other hand, there are speech-headings which we cannot attribute to Shakespeare, since they were undoubtedly added after the transcript was made. Indeed we can be tolerably certain that the bulk of the speech-headings were written by one scribe and the bulk of the stage-directions by another, who occasionally altered the speech-headings. The treatment of 'Luciana,' for example, is illuminating. The name is correctly given at the head of 2. 1., where she first appears, which is not surprising as it occurs at l. 3 of the dialogue. In the next scene (l. 108) we get 'Enter Adriana and Luciana.' But

in 3. 2., where she enters without her sister, she is not recognised or her name has been forgotten, for the scene is headed 'Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracusia,' while her opening words are ascribed to 'Iulia.' (v. head-note 3. 2.). Nevertheless, with this one exception, her speeches throughout the scene are correctly labelled 'Luc.' which shows that 'Iuliana' was not derived from the original MS but was a gloss. Again, wherever the Courtesan speaks, her lines are headed 'Cur.' or 'Curt.,' while in the stage-directions she is, with one exception, invariably spelt 'Courtizan' or 'Courtezan.' The exception is found at 4. 3. 42 which gives us 'Enter a Curtizan.' This difference of spelling seems to us a strong indication that two hands had been at work on the 'copy,' one of them, which we shall call Hand A, being responsible for the speech-headings and, presumably, the dialogue, the other, which we shall call Hand B, being responsible for the stage-directions. The appearance, however, of 'Enter a Curtizan' at 4. 3. 42 suggests that at least some of the stage-directions belonged to Hand A. And this supposition is borne out by the duplication in 'Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus' (5. 1. 185), which, we take it, is Hand A's stage-direction 'Enter Ant. and E. Drom.' expanded by Hand B. Further the 'Iulia.' at 3. 2. 1 seems to be an instance in which Hand B has influenced the speech-headings, and this mixture of hands is to be found also in the spellings given for the various characters designated merchant. After act 1 the word 'merchant' is always spelt 'Merchant' in the stage-directions and abbreviated 'Mar.' in the speech-headings; presumably therefore Hand A generally affected the *mar* and Hand B the *mer* form. Yet in 1. 1. we get 'Merchant' in the stage-direction, 'Marchant' as the heading for Ægeon's first speech and 'Mer.' for his other speeches, while in 1. 2. we have 'Marchant' in the stage-direction, 'Mer.' for the first speech, and 'E. Mar.' for the rest. It will be noticed that

in three cases the heading of the opening speech differs in spelling or in form from those given to the same character in the remainder of the scene. Dr W. W. Greg has suggested to us that this may be due to the fact that the first speech after an entrance was without a name attached in the transcript and that therefore Hand B was obliged to insert one (e.g. 'Marchant' at 1. 1. 1, 'Mer.' at 1. 2. 1, and 'Iulia.' at 3. 2. 1). This hypothesis is strongly supported, as we found on examination, by the absence of a name in the Folio at 4. 3. 1 and 5. 1. 168 (v. notes).

The conclusion we draw from all this is that the 'copy' which reached the printers in 1623 was composite in character, the dialogue and a few brief stage-directions being in Hand A, and that Hand B, after the dictated transcript was finished, went over the whole thing filling out the stage-directions and in places touching up the speech-headings. We shall find further evidence in support of this conclusion as we proceed to examine the stage-directions more minutely.

Fuller than those we are accustomed to in the Good Quartos, they are all the more remarkable as occurring in a play which in the Folio follows on the bare texts of *The Two Gentlemen*, *Merry Wives*, and *Measure for Measure*. For this reason they have been described as 'literary' and have even been attributed to someone responsible for the editing of the Folio. We see no necessity for going outside the theatre to account for them. Property-directions, like 'Enter Angelo with the Chaine' (3. 2. 163), or 'Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end' (4. 4. 7) are nothing out of the way, and find an apt parallel in the famous 'Enter Piramus with the Asse head' which the Folio prints in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Less usual are action-directions, such as 'Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him: Hee striues' (4. 4. 106), 'Runne all out'/'Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted' (4. 4. 145), and 'All gather to see them'

(5. 1. 330). Yet these also can be paralleled in many Folio plays. For example, 3 *Henry VI* gives us 'He stamper with his foot, and the Souldiers shew themselves,' 'Enter Edward running,' 'Clifford grones,' 'They leade him out forcibly,' 'Layes his Hand on his Head,' and many more. Now 3 *Henry VI* is beyond doubt printed from an unedited prompt-copy, since in another stage-direction, 'Enter Sinklo and Humfrey with Crosse-bowes in their hands,' it substitutes the names of two players for those of the characters. Most interesting of all the directions in *Errors*, however, are the topical ones, i.e. 'Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans' (4. 1. 13), 'Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay' (4. 1. 85), 'Exeunt to the Priorie' (5. 1. 37) and 'Exit one to the Abbess' (5. 1. 282). It is probably these last which have principally raised suspicions of literary editing in the minds of critics, and they are, as far as we know, unique in the Shakespearian canon¹. Yet it is always better to exhaust the theatrical possibilities before resorting to external agencies for an explanation of peculiarities in a dramatic text. May it not be, then, that these unusual stage-directions were due to unusual conditions of performance? We suggest, in a word, that *Errors*, in the text we possess, was arranged for something corresponding to a classical stage, with doors labelled: 'The House of Antipholus,' 'The Street to the Bay,' 'The Courtesan,' 'The Priory,' according to the *mise-en-scène*. But we shall have to return to this point in § vi below.

We have already seen indications that two hands had been at work upon the stage-directions. Perhaps the most glaring instance of the kind is the direction quoted above from 4. 4. 145, 'Runne all out'/'Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frightened.' Commenting on this in his recent book, *The Stager of Shakespeare*,

¹ *M.V.* 3. 1. 76 'Enter a man from Anthonio' comes very near them.

Mr Crompton Rhodes writes: 'It is safe to say that the prompt-book had merely "Exeunt omnes," the additions being made for reasons external and literary, and not internal and theatrical' (p. 12). We agree that 'Exeunt omnes' probably stood first in the text and that the rest was added later (v. note 4. 4. 144-5). But, as we have just seen, there is nothing necessarily untheatrical about this addition, while the duplication of stage-directions by different scribes is very common in prompt-copy. There are, for example, three or four instances of it in the MS of *Sir Thomas More*. Clearly 'Exeunt omnes' was in Hand A, and 'Runne all out, as fast as may be, frightened' in Hand B, who was revising the stage-directions for theatrical purposes.

The scribe whom we call Hand B obviously possessed very vague ideas of the text he was working on, since he is dependent upon a hurried reading of the dialogue for his knowledge of the names of the characters. It was he no doubt who transformed 'Luciana' into 'Iuliana.' But it is his treatment of 'Antipholus' which really gives him away. This name first crops up in the dialogue at 2. 2. 110, and it occurs for the second time in the last line of the same scene, which also is the last line of the act. Now this marks a significant change in the fortunes of the name in the stage-directions. Up to the end of act 2 it is always spelt 'Antipholis,' which can hardly be a misprint seeing that it is three times given in this form. But with the correct spelling staring him in the face in the last line of the second act, the scribe begins act 3 'Enter Antipholus,' etc., and never afterwards forgets his lesson. Clearly he made up his stage-directions as he went along without troubling to read through the dialogue first.

Such a procedure would be surprising, if not impossible, for a scribe who knew nothing of the text he was dealing with. It is not however necessary to imagine an audacity of this kind. The writer knew something of

the play, and probably thought his knowledge quite sufficient for the task. He had, for example, heard of Antipholus before he set to work, though the form 'Antipholis' shows that his hearing had not been very exact. He knew also that there were two persons of that name, for he distinguishes them, again up to the end of act 2, as 'Antipholis Eroles' (or 'Errotis') and 'Antipholis Sereptus.' Now these strange titles are, as has long been recognised, merely corruptions of 'Erraticus' and 'Surreptus,' which were appropriate names for the twin Menaechmi of Plautus, one of whom was stolen away from his parents, while the other wandered over the world to find him. Yet they are not the names which Plautus actually gives his characters, nor are they suitable to Shakespeare's twins, since Antipholus of Ephesus was not 'surreptus' but separated from his parents at sea. They must, therefore, be derived from some play intermediate in development between the *Menaechmi* and *The Comedy of Errors*. And if so, then the 'Eroles' and 'Sereptus' of our text were written by someone familiar with this intermediate play, presumably an actor, who, relying upon that familiarity, confidently undertook to construct stage-directions for a text of which he had no exact knowledge and which he did not even trouble to read through. Nor are we entirely without external evidence for the existence of this intermediate play, since, as Malone long ago pointed out, *The Historie of Error*, performed on Jan. 1, 1577, at Hampton Court by the Children of Paul's, was almost certainly some kind of textual half-way house between the drama of Plautus and that of Shakespeare, while if the mysterious *History of Ferrar*, acted at Windsor in 1583 'on Twelfdaie at night' by the Sussex men be the same title disguised by a careless scribe, as some think, this would form yet another link in the chain.

Our theory then is that the copy for *The Comedy of Errors*, 1623, was a dictated transcript, made in the

playhouse sometime in the early 'nineties, and prepared for the stage by elaborate stage-directions from the hand of an actor with vivid memories of the old *Historie of Error*. But if so, why was the addition of these stage-directions necessary, and why in the process did they take this elaborate form? We can discover only one satisfactory answer to the first of these questions. If the transcriber, Hand A, had been working direct from Shakespeare's MS, which would be the prompt-copy, the stage-directions of this original (for it must have contained adequate stage-directions) would naturally have been dictated to him with the dialogue. Since, however, the bulk of the stage-directions were patently added after the transcription had been made, we infer that the transcript was based not upon the prompt-copy but upon players' parts, in which stage-directions would be quite inadequate or non-existent. Yet we believe, as stated above, that the transcriber was able to insert a few brief stage-directions as he proceeded with his task, and we account for their presence by supposing that the theatrical 'plot' was available at the time for consultation (cf. *Two Gentlemen*, pp. 77-9). As for the elaborate character of the directions subsequently inserted into the text, it raises a problem of wide reference and introduces other considerations.

(iv) *Abridgment*. The text of *Errors* is the shortest in the canon, and runs to only 1760 lines. In an ordinary play, this fact would naturally suggest drastic curtailment. But *Errors* is not an ordinary play; it is a light farce, obviously designed for an after-dinner piece at Court or as an item in a night of revels such as took place at Gray's Inn on December 28, 1594, the earliest recorded date of the performance (v. pp. vii-x). Its brevity, therefore, was of its essence, while its putative ancestor the Plautine play is even shorter, the 1595 translation of *Menaechmi* running to just under 1300 lines. Moreover, in the received text there is not enough dramatic material

to allow of considerable expansion beyond its present length. Nevertheless there are, we think, unmistakable indications of theatrical 'cuts' in the somewhat tedious opening scene (v. notes 1. 1. 17, 38, 61, 127, 155) and in certain other scenes (v. notes 2. 1. 112; 4. 3. 69-74; 5. 1. 346-51), while we have a dramatic 'ghost' in Balthazar (v. p. 78) and in Luce or Nell, a character which the young Shakespeare must surely have felt an almost irresistible temptation to make something more of than has come down to us. The Courtesan again is a character which seems to demand further development. Now it happens that scope for the fuller exhibition of all three characters might easily, and naturally, have been afforded by the two dinner-scenes which we hear of but do not see: the 'kitchening' of S. Dromio by Nell, and the dinner of E. Antipholus with Balthazar and the Courtesan at her house, 'the Porpentine.' Such scenes, however, would require the use of the inner-stage, and one of the outstanding features of the received text is that the inner-stage is never employed. Possibly, therefore, these scenes were cut out deliberately in order to adapt the play for more primitive theatrical conditions. However this may be, we may feel pretty sure that Shakespeare's version was longer than the text which has come down to us, perhaps by as much as three or four hundred lines. Why, then, was the play shortened? We suggest that it was abridged for some company touring the provinces, as many companies were doing in the years 1591-4. In other words, we believe that it may belong to the same class of playhouse copy as the shortened transcripts, upon which, according to the hypothesis propounded elsewhere by Mr A. W. Pollard and the present textual editor, the four Bad Quartos were based. It is approximately the same length as the Bad Quartos, while its elaborate stage-directions bear a strong family resemblance to those found in three of them¹.

¹ 'The Stolen and Surreptitious Shakespearian Texts,' *Times Literary Supplement*, Jan. 9, 1919.

(v) *Shakespeare's revision*. In his note on *The Historie of Error* Malone writes: 'It may be presumed that this ancient piece was in a good measure founded on the comedy of Plautus; and doubtless thus the fable was transmitted to Shakespeare.' We venture to go farther and to claim that there is at least a high probability that Shakespeare's play was actually a revision of the old *Historie*. If the 'Antipholis Érotes' and 'Antipholis Sereptus' of the Folio text were derived, by memory, from the *Historie*, that play was still fresh in men's minds after Shakespeare's version of the story had come into existence, while if his version were not an independent creation but a recension of the *Historie* the confident impetuosity of the maker of stage-directions finds a natural excuse. But the internal evidence is still more suggestive. The mid-sixteenth century academic comedy, of which *Ralph Roister Doister* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle* are the sole surviving specimens, was written in what Professor Saintsbury well describes as 'the somewhat unformed doggerel couplet of twelve syllables or thereabouts.' This doggerel is found in several of Shakespeare's early dramas, to wit, *The Two Gentlemen*, *Love's Labour's Lost* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, while we have found traces of it even in his last play, *The Tempest* (v. p. 79, present edition). Without raising here the large question as to whether any of this doggerel was written by Shakespeare¹, we may safely hazard the conclusion that none of it in *Errors* is his. It is true that most belongs to the Dromios, and it may be contended that doggerel is the appropriate poetic form for clowns. But not all of it can be so accounted for. Take the first scene of act 3, for instance. It opens with 10 lines of blank verse, continues with 73 lines of doggerel, and concludes with another 40 lines of blank verse. In our view, we have here a scene from *The Historie of Error*, of which Shakespeare has only revised the beginning and the end.

¹ For observations on the matter, v. E. H. C. Oliphant *Modern Language Review*, iv. pp. 347-350.

And our reasons for thinking so are these: (a) *All* the characters speak doggerel between lines 10 and 83; (b) Balthazar, the 'ghost,' appears in this scene alone. We know nothing about him, and his presence is left unexplained; (c) 'Luce' also appears in this scene and nowhere else. This, however, as we have said above, may be due to the abridger. Yet abridgment cannot be held responsible for another fact about her, namely that she is called 'Luce' here, though in other places her name is 'Nell'—for it is clear from 4. 4. 73-4 that the two names belong to the same person. Surely the best way of explaining these facts is to suppose that when in the course of revising the old MS Shakespeare came across this horse-play episode outside the door of E. Antipholus' house, he thought it good enough to pass muster as it stood, and so left it alone, without noticing or without troubling about the loose ends. And if this be so, another important consequence follows, viz. that there were two Dromios in the play before Shakespeare handled it, since the chief point of the scene is the insults they hurl at each other. Other and smaller indications of revision will be brought out in the Notes. But there is one large question, connected as we think with the revision, which must be dealt with here.

(vi) *The problem of locality.* In preparing the stage-directions for this text, we have found it extremely difficult to determine the locality of the various scenes. As the play was derived directly or indirectly from Plautus, Capell decided that unity of place was intended and laid the whole action in 'A publick place.' Since his day successive editors have introduced new scene-headings according to their fancy, until in the *Globe* edition no less than six different localities are named. For some time the present editors felt that Capell's solution was the most satisfactory one, though they remained greatly puzzled by the complexity of the problem. A brief survey of the text, taking the traditional scene-headings in

order, will show the grounds of their perplexity and at the same time set forth the textual evidence on the subject. The headings quoted are those given in the *Globe*, the name of the critic who first introduced the heading being stated in brackets.

1. 1. *A hall in the Duke's palace* (Theobald). This is a plausible heading. Yet (i) there is nothing in the scene which obliges us to suppose that it took place indoors; (ii) the Duke is prepared to face the elements at the final judgment on Ægeon in 5. 1.; (iii) an interior scene suggests the use of the inner-stage, and there seems reason for thinking that the received text was prepared for performance on a stage with no inner portion. We have, therefore, laid the scene as in 5. 1.

1. 2. *The Mart* (Clark and Glover). This is supported by 2. 2. 6 'I sent him from the mart,' and is clearly correct. On the other hand, 2. 1. 76 'be new beaten home' suggests that 'The Mart' and the house of Antipholus are close to each other.

2. 1. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus* (Pope). If this scene be identical in place with the foregoing, as Capell would make it, the exit of E. Dromio at 1. 2. 94 and his entry at 2. 1. 43 are very awkward, though the difficulty might be slurred over by playing 2. 1. on the upper-stage.

2. 2. *A public place* (Capell). This we think should certainly be headed 'The Mart,' since the words 'even here' (l. 14) prove that the locality is the same as in 1. 2. Nevertheless Adriana's 'wafting' (l. 109) would naturally be from the balcony of Antipholus' house, while we feel pretty confident that when the received text was played in the sixteenth century, S. Antipholus and S. Dromio were intended to enter the house at the end of the scene.

3. 1. *Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus* (Pope). Obviously correct, though edd. have failed to notice that the upper-stage is in use during the scene (v. note 3. 1. 47 S.D.).

3. 2. *The same* (Pope). Dyce made 3. 1. and 3. 2. continuous, and writes that Luciana and S. Antipholus enter from the door of the house as soon as the stage is left vacant by the departure of the other characters. He is surely right. Luciana goes to fetch her sister at l. 70, and S. Dromio has

just fled from the kitchen on his entry. On the other hand 'I'll to the mart' (l. 183) proves that 'Before the house of Antipholus' and 'The Mart' cannot be the same locality.

4. 1. *A public place* (Capell). This scene must be very close to if not identical with that of 3. 2., since Angelo tells the Merchant 'in the instant that I met with you/He had of me a chain' (l. 9). It must also be 'at the mart,' since that is where E. Antipholus 'forsook' the chain (5. 1. 262), while S. Dromio had been bidden 'come to the mart' (3. 2. 149) and keeps his appointment at l. 85. Further, 'walk with me down to his house' (l. 12) seems to imply that the 'house' is some distance off. It is in 4. 1. that the F. gives us the locality-directions 'from the Courtizans' (l. 13) and 'from the Bay' (l. 85) which suggest a change of stage-setting (see below).

4. 2. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus* (Pope). This scene is on all fours with 2. 1. S. Dromio's exit at the end of 4. 1. and his re-entry at 4. 2. 28 would make identity of place in the two scenes very awkward, though once again the use of the upper-stage might disguise the difficulty.

4. 3. *A public place* (Capell). Clearly this locality is the same as that of 4. 1., since S. Dromio returns with the gold and asks what has happened to the sergeant. Again 'hie home to his house' (l. 90) suggests that E. Antipholus' house is some way off, and therefore the localities of 4. 3. and 4. 2. are not the same. Moreover presumably the Courtesan enters from her house at l. 42; otherwise the audience would scarcely be able to grasp who she is.

4. 4. *A street* (Pope). There is nothing to show definitely where this scene takes place. But it can hardly be before the house of Antipholus, since Adriana and the rest 'run all out' at l. 145 and though they re-enter at 5. 1. 32, which is before the 'house,' they have evidently not been home meanwhile. On the other hand, there is no reason why we should not head it 'The Mart.'

5. 1. *A street before the Priory* (Pope). It is certainly 'before the priory' but equally certainly 'before the house of Antipholus,' seeing that cries are heard from the house (l. 183), the servant evidently enters therefrom (l. 167) and presumably E. Antipholus and E. Dromio also (l. 186). The priory and the house of Antipholus are therefore next door each other.

The chief difficulty, as will be clear from this survey, is to determine the relative positions of the Mart and the house of Antipholus. At times they seem some distance apart, at others they are close together, if not in the same locality. After much consideration, we have come to the conclusion that the most satisfactory arrangement for a modern reader's text is to alternate between two localities: (i) an open space before the house of Antipholus, which will have the priory on one side and a street-exit on the other, and (ii) the Mart, which will have the Courtesan's house in the centre and street-exits, one of them leading to the bay, on either side. We believe too that those responsible for the text, as we have it, kept these two localities more or less in mind, distinguishing them at the time of performance by means of placards, when necessary. Evidently the play was to be acted upon a simple platform with three doors at the back, and no inner-stage. In scenes 1. 1. and 1. 2. no placards would be needed. In 2. 1. a placard inscribed 'The house of Antipholus' or 'The Phoenix' would be hung up over the middle door, and would probably remain there throughout 2. 2., 3. 1., and 3. 2. In 4. 1. this would be removed and its place taken by another headed 'The Courtesan's house' or 'The Porpentine,' while one of the side-doors would be labelled 'To the Bay.' In 4. 2. these placards ought by rights to have been exchanged for 'The house of Antipholus,' and perhaps they were; in any event they would be needed again in 4. 3. and 4. 4. Lastly, in 5. 1. the Courtesan's house would be once again transformed into the dwelling-place of the respectable Adriana, while a 'Priory' placard would make one of the side-doors the entry to the domain of the still more respectable Lady Abbess. Possibly the three doors we have posited were simply the entrances to the painted 'houses' which are known to have been used on the academic and court stage¹;

¹ v. Creizenach, *The English Drama in the age of Shakespeare*, pp. 353-5.

but it is not necessary to our argument to suppose this, since the bare dais of a hall, with three doors at the back, would serve. In any event, we submit that the foregoing conjectural reconstruction of the stage-arrangements for *Errors* provides an adequate explanation of the locality-directions in the text. It is not of course contended that Shakespeare himself contemplated any such stage conditions while penning his recension. On the contrary, the obvious necessity for an upper-stage in 3. 1., a scene which must have lost much of its effect when played in a hall without a gallery, and the possibility that his unabridged MS contained at least two inner-stage scenes, suggest that he had the ordinary Elizabethan stage in mind throughout. Yet in adapting the play for the impromptu theatre of a travelling company, Hand B was, perhaps even consciously, restoring to it something of the classical structure which it had once possessed, since that indistinctness of locality which still hangs about the play is best explained by supposing that at some period of its evolution the classical unities had been strictly observed and there had been no change of locality at all.

One point more remains to be glanced at. The recorded performance at Gray's Inn took place on the evening of Dec. 28, 1594. But the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber inform us that the Chamberlain's men and the Admiral's men were acting on the same date before the Queen at Greenwich. Some get over this difficulty by supposing that the entry for the Chamberlain's men was a scribal error for Dec. 27, a supposition which would free them for the performance at Gray's Inn on the 28th and obviate the somewhat unusual contingency of two court performances on the same date. Others solve the problem by conjecturing that Shakespeare's company played before the Queen at Greenwich in the afternoon of the 28th, and then went on to Gray's Inn in the evening (cf p. ix). Our theory

of the 'copy' allows a third alternative. For if there were two prompt-books for *Errors*, Shakespeare's MS and the abridged transcript which the Folio preserves, the 'company of base and common fellows' which performed at Gray's Inn was not necessarily the same troupe that acted at Greenwich.

With the publication of *The Comedy of Errors*, the fifth play in the canon, the textual editor comes to the end of a definite stage in his journey. The Folio opens with a batch of five comedies, none of which had previously appeared in complete form; and these are followed by a second batch, of four comedies, for all of which Good Quartos not only existed but were actually used as copy by the Folio printers. In the next four volumes, therefore, we shall be dealing with texts published during Shakespeare's lifetime, printed in all probability from his autograph manuscripts, and untainted by any suspicion of later revision by inferior hands.

Yet though, owing to the arrangement of the Folio, it is not until five plays are published that we come to close quarters with a Good Quarto text, what may be called the Good Quarto norm has been before our eyes from the commencement of the undertaking. It is possible to edit *The Works of Shakespeare* from either of two points of view. One may start, as most editors have done, by adopting the Folio as the impregnable rock of Shakespearian scripture, by regarding every text therein as of equal authority with every other, and by accepting at its face value Heminge and Condell's implication that all the quartos were 'stolne and surreptitious.' On the other hand, one may—now Mr A. W. Pollard has shown the way—begin by studying the Good Quartos, on the assumption that those texts bring us into the closest proximity now possible with Shakespeare himself, learn from the study much about the general charac-

ter of his prompt-books, and having thus arrived at a kind of textual standard, bring the Folio texts to the test of that standard. Such has been the method pursued in this edition; and it must be admitted that, as far as the first five Folio texts go, the test has proved an unexpectedly acid one. Two of them—*The Two Gentlemen* and *Merry Wives*—are found to be assembled texts, transcribed from players' parts; a third—*Errors*—is apparently derived from a dictated copy; a fourth—*Measure for Measure*—presents us with a remarkable blend of transcribed Shakespearian verse, and of prose most of which is by some other dramatist. In only one instance, *The Tempest*, can we feel tolerably certain that Jaggard's compositor saw a line of Shakespeare's handwriting, and even here the text has been disturbed and added to by a later reviser.

Disconcerting, however, as these results may seem, they afford no cause for discouragement. In his *Proposals for printing the Dramatick Works of William Shakespeare*, issued in 1756, nine years before his edition appeared, Dr Johnson gave utterance to the following appraisalment of the received texts of Shakespeare, an appraisalment which has been more or less tacitly accepted by all subsequent critics, until Mr Pollard began his researches:

He sold them, not to be printed, but to be played. They were immediately copied for the actors, and multiplied by transcript after transcript, vitiated by the blunders of the penman, or changed by the affectation of the player; perhaps enlarged to introduce a jest, or mutilated to shorten the representation; and printed at last without the concurrence of the author, without the consent of the proprietor, from compilations made by chance or by stealth out of the separate parts written for the theatre: and thus thrust into the world surreptitiously and hastily, they suffered another depravation from the ignorance and negligence of the printers, as every man who knows the state of the press in that age will readily conceive.

It is not to be supposed that Johnson had proceeded far in his examination of the Folio when he wrote these words, but had he perused no more than the first five plays, their condition, together with the fatal phrase about 'stolne and surreptitious' in the preface, is quite enough to account for his pessimism. In a word, it seems likely that the whole Folio has been hitherto judged by the state of its first hundred pages. As we proceed with our enquiry, we shall no doubt find other texts in almost as strange a condition as some of those we have just dealt with. Yet it is highly improbable that none of the remaining Folio plays were printed from Shakespearian prompt-copies, while in the Good Quartos, their age-long stigma now removed, we have texts most of which are almost without doubt straight from Shakespeare's study. And of these the next four plays provide us with very beautiful specimens.

D. W.

NOTES

All significant departures from the Folio are recorded; the name of the critic who first suggested a reading being placed in brackets. Illustrative spellings and misprints are quoted from the Good Quarto texts or from the Folio where no Good Quarto exists. The line-numeration for reference to plays not yet issued in this edition is that used in Bartlett's *Concordance*.

F., unless otherwise specified, stands for the First Folio; T.I. and Facs.=the Textual Introduction and the Facsimile of a passage from the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More*, both to be found in the *Tempest* volume; N.E.D.=*The New English Dictionary*; Sh.Eng.=*Shakespeare's England*; S.D.=Stage-direction; G.=Glossary.

Characters in the Play. The F. gives no list of the Names of all the Actors, though there is ample room for one on the last page of the text. Presumably no 'copy' for this was delivered to the printers. N.B. (i) Solinus; the Duke's name is never mentioned except in the first line of the play. (ii) Ægeon; always spelt 'Egeon' in the text. Cf. 'Egeus' in *M.N.D.* (iii) Antipholus; v. pp. 73-4. (iv) Luciana; v. pp. 69-71.

Acts and Scenes. F. divides into acts but not into scenes. It is not surprising to find act-divisions in an early play, derived directly or indirectly from the classical drama, but they are probably purely theatrical. The absence of scene-divisions suggests that Jaggard was not provided with a 'plot' for this text, as he was likewise not provided with a list of the 'actors.' Cf. T.I. pp. xxxvi-xxxvii.

Punctuation. The F. pointing, though exhibiting little delicacy, is on the whole good. Stops are normally

well cared for in dictation, and in any event it would be important to get them right in acting-copy of the kind we believe this to be (v. p. 76).

Stage-directions. Cf. pp. 71-5. All F. stage-directions are given in the notes.

I. I.

S.D. F. 'Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Tylor, and other attendants.'

1. F. heads this speech 'Marchant,' though all Ægeon's other speeches in this scene are headed 'Mer.' v. pp. 70-1 and cf. notes 1. 2. 1; 3. 2. 1; 4. 3. 1; 5. 1. 168.

5. *The enmity and discord* etc. Such inter-municipal feuds were common in Elizabethan England. 'Each new set of market regulations was contested with the same eagerness and from much the same motives as a modern American tariff....The Stratford council employed men armed with cudgels to keep out the traders of Coventry. The Leicester glovers strove with might and main to prevent the glovers of Ashby and Loughborough from buying skins in their market. Between many neighbouring towns there raged an animosity almost as fierce as the feud between Ephesus and Syracuse' (Prof. Unwin, *Sh. Eng.* i. 315).

17. *Be seen at Syracusan* (Pope) F. 'Be seene at any Siracufian' The F. words occur just above 'if any Siracufian', which the eye of the compositor has evidently caught.

fairs... The sentence is left incomplete; possibly a 'cut' here.

31-2. *A heavier task...unspeakable* The construction of this sentence is reminiscent of Greene's work.

38. *by me too...* F. 'by me;' F2 'by me too;' The F2 reading makes tolerable sense; but it possesses no authority and the semi-colon raises suspicions of a 'cut.'

41. *Epidamnum* (Pope) F. 'Epidamium' and so throughout. The mistake may well be Shakespeare's.

42. *And the* (Theobald) F. 'And he' In English script *th* and *h* were liable to confusion. The error, therefore, may be ascribed either to the printer or to the playhouse reader.

52. *distinguished but by names* The twins were of course not so distinguished in the present text. But in Plautus one of the brothers is called Sosicles, and takes the name of his twin Menaechmus after the latter is stolen. The passage is clearly a link with the Plautine original and its obscurity may be due either to careless revision or to abridgment. Cf. note l. 127 below.

54. *meaner* (S. Walker) F. 'meane' F2 'poor meane' Walker's emendation is accepted by all mod. edd.

55. *a burden male, twins* F. 'a burthen Male, twins' All mod. edd. read 'a burden, male twins'—thus obscuring the quibble, stressed by the F. capital letter; v. G. 'male.'

61. *We came aboard* F. prints this with l. 60. The broken line suggests a 'cut.'

87. *Were* (Rowe: Craig reads) F. 'Was'

93. *Epidaurus* (F2) F. 'Epidarus' Theobald conj. 'Epidamnus'

102. *upon* (Pope) F. 'vp' F2 'vp vpon' Cf. note 2. 2. 12.

103. *helpful ship* Rowe reads 'helpless ship', and other edd. suspect F. reading; but the mast, a very present help in trouble, might surely be called a 'helpful ship.'

116. *bark* (F2) F. 'backe'—a badly shaped *r* might resemble *c* in English script.

123. *hath...thee* (F2) F. 'haue...they'—possibly due to mishearing.

127. *so his case* F2 'for his case' which some edd. read. The passage is obscure and perhaps suffers from abridgment. Ægeon obviously intends to say that S. Dromio, like S. Antipholus, had assumed the name of his lost brother; cf. note l. 52 above.

132-3. *Five summers...Asia* Again very similar to Greene's style.

139. *travels* Ægeon also means 'travails'; the two words were not differentiated in Shakespeare's day.

143. *Against my crown* etc. 144. *Which princes* etc. Hanmer transposes these two lines, and improves the sense by so doing. Cf. note 2. 2. 145.

150. Capell reads 'I'll, therefore, merchant limit thee this day.' N.B. Shakespeare never accents 'merchant' on the second syllable.

151. *health...help* F. 'helpe...helpe' Many conjectures for the first 'helpe,' e.g. 'store,' 'sum,' 'life,' 'pelf,' 'hope,' etc. 'Health' preserves the required jingle and is a likely word to have been changed into 'help' by mishearing. v. pp. 66-8.

155. *Gaoler* 'Go gaoler' and 'Gaoler go' have been suggested. But the short line, taken with that which follows, may be due to abridgment.

157. *Ægeon* F. 'Egean'

158. *lifeless* F. 'liueleffe'

S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

I. 2.

S.D. F. 'Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.' Cf. p. 74.

1. F. heads this speech 'Mer.' though the merchant's other speeches in the scene are headed 'E. Mar.' v. note I. I. I and pp. 70-1.

4. *arrival* (F2) F. 'a riuall' The error might be due either to mishearing or to misdivision in the MS.

16. broken line.

18. *mean* v. G. S.D. F. 'Exit Dromio.'

19. *villain* i.e. bondman. Malone quotes 'The homely villain curtsies to her low' *Lucr.* 1338.

24. *I am invited* etc. 32. *Sir, I commend* etc. F. heads these speeches 'E. Mar.' (i.e. Ephesian Merchant), though l. 1 is headed 'Mer.' Clearly an attempt to

differentiate this Merchant from 'the Merchant of Siracusa,' i.e. Ægeon, in 1. 1., and the prefix 'E.' seems to be the germ of 'E.' and 'S.' Antipholus, later. For the difference of spelling (marchant—merchant) v. pp. 70–1. It should be noted that there is nothing in the dialogue to show that this merchant, who has just arrived by ship with S. Antipholus, belonged to Ephesus. He is clearly not the same person as the Ephesian merchant to whom Angelo is in debt (4. 1.).

26. *Soon at v. G. o'clock* F. 'a clocke'

32. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

40. *unhappier* (Clark and Glover) F. '(vnhappie a)' Most edd. follow F2 and read 'unhappy' If 'unhappier' be the right reading, as we believe it is, the F. 'vnhappie a' can best be explained as an auditory error. It should however be noted that confusion between *a* and *r* might arise from careless writing, though hardly, we think, at the end of a word. v. pp. 66–8.

S.D. F. 'Enter Dromio of Ephesus.'

41. *almanac of my true date* Cf. 5. 1. 404.

45. *twelve* The Elizabethan dinner hour was about 11.30. Breton (*Fantastickes*, 1626) tells us that the first course was over by 'twelve of the clock.' Cf. *Merry Wives*, pp. xvi–xvii.

65. *score* (Rowe) F. 'fcoure' v. G.

66. *clock* (Pope) F. 'cooke' Perhaps a mishearing.

75. *the Phœnix* E. Antipholus was a merchant, and this was the sign of his shop.

76. *stay* (Rowe) F. 'staies'

85. *pay* v. G.

89. *dinner*, F. 'dinner:'

93. *God's* (Hanmer) F. 'God'

94. S.D. F. 'Exeunt Dromio Ep.'

96. *o'er-raught* (Hanmer) F. 'ore-wrought'—probably a mishearing. N.B. the word 'raught' occurs seven times in Shakespeare and is always spelt correctly elsewhere, except at *L.L.L.* 4. 2. 41 where the Q. misprint 'rought' gives rise to the F. reading 'wrought'

98, 99, 100, 101. F. ends each of these lines with a colon.

102. *liberties* Hanmer reads 'libertines'; but v. G.

105. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

2. 1.

S.D. F. 'Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her Sister.' Cf. pp. 69-71, 74. The name 'Luciana' occurs in the dialogue at l. 3, but that of 'Adriana' does not appear until 2. 2. 112. She is however an important character, and if the writer of stage-directions remembers 'Antipholis,' we may suppose that his memory was good for 'Adriana' also, more especially as he had the speech-headings 'Adr.,' 'Adri.' to assist it. Possibly he found it already written in the transcript by Hand A. v. p. 75.

3. *o'clock* F. 'a clocke'

12. *ill* (F2) F. 'thus' This may be a compositor's slip.

15. *lashed* F. 'lafht' This makes sense; but some edd. would read 'leashed', which seems better, and is possible, 'leash' and 'lash' being closely allied in the 16th cent.

20-1. *Men...masters...Lords* (Hanmer) F. 'Man...Mafter...Lord'

30. *start some other where* Johnson conj. 'start some other hare'; but cf. l. 104 below, 'his eye doth homage otherwhere' and v. G. 'start.'

39. *wouldst* (Rowe) F. 'would'

43. S.D. F. 'Enter Dromio Eph.'

44-85. Note the mixture of prose and verse in this section, Dromio sometimes speaking prose and sometimes verse. Cf. note l. 59 below.

45. *two hands* (F2) F. 'too hands' It is just possible that F. may be correct, if we suppose that 'to be at to-hands' was a current expression, v. G. 'hands.'

49, 54. *understand* Cf. G. and *Two Gent.* 2. 5. 23.

59. *But, sure*, etc. broken line, at the beginning of a speech in verse. We can feel pretty sure that Dromio's part has undergone revision in this scene.

61. *thousand* (F2) F. 'hundred' Cf. 1. 2. 81, 84 and 1. 65 below, where F. prints 'thousand' The error was due perhaps to the use of figures in the copy.

64. *come home* (Hanmer) F. 'come'

68. *I know thy mistress not* (Seymour) F. 'I know not thy miftresfie' This simple transposition of the negative, which ruins the verse, may be due to the compositor.

70-4. *Quoth my master* etc. F. prints these lines as prose, which again suggests revision, if we assume that the 'reader' was careful to mark the termination of verse-lines as he seems to be elsewhere.

72. *errand* (F4) F. 'arrant' The sp. 'arrand' occurs in 2 *Hen. IV*, 1. 1. 69; *Ado*, 2. 1. 273, and 'arrant' in *Troil.* 5. 4. 9.

79. *bless* v. G.

80. *holy* v. G.

85. S.D. F. gives no 'exit' for Dromio.

102. *jealousy!* F. 'Iealoufie;'

107. *alone o' love* F. 'alone, a loue' F2 'alone, alone'—which almost all edd. follow. The F. text, in modernised spelling, seems to make good sense, i.e. 'in the name of love.' F. constantly prints 'a' for 'o', and there are many examples in the present play, cf. 'a Wednesday' 1. 2. 55, 'a clocke' 2. 1. 3, 'a door' 2. 1. 11. Our reading was suggested by Cunningham, who quotes 'of all loves' *M.W.W.* 2. 2. 107, *M.N.D.* 2. 2. 154.

112. *Where gold* etc. The line is hopelessly corrupt, and we print it as it stands in the F. There have been many attempts to mend it, e.g. Theobald reads 'wear' for 'where', and all mod. edd. follow, ignoring the fact that 'touching will wear gold' flatly contradicts 'the gold

bides still that others touch.' We explain the corruption by a 'cut' of two or more rhyming lines, thus:

yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and
.
. No man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

113. *By falsehood* Theobald, followed by Malone and others, reads 'But falsehood' See previous note.

115. *what's left away* F. '(what's left away)'

116. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

2. 2.

S.D. F. 'Enter Antipholis Errotis.' v. p. 74.

3-4. *out. By computation...report*, (Rowe) F. 'out By computation...report.'—and most edd. follow. But F. pointing is clearly wrong, as the exclamation-mark (a query in F.) after 'mart' in l. 6 shows. Antipholus is puzzled and is trying to piece the situation together.

6. *I sent him from the mart* Cf. 'even here' l. 14. It seems clear from this that scenes 1. 2. and 2. 2. both take place 'at the mart.' Cf. pp. 78-82.

S.D. F. 'Enter Dromio Siracusia.'

12. *didst* (F2) F. 'did didst' This suggests correction while the sheets were in proof, the correction 'didst' being inserted into the forme without the removal of the original error 'did' Cf. note 1. 1. 102.

14. *Even now* etc. This speech is headed 'E. Ant.' by F. An interesting point, since it shows that those responsible for the copy had not so far made up their minds how the two Antipholuses should be distinguished in the speech-headings. The Dromios are characterised from the beginning as 'E. Dro.' and 'S. Dro.', but the same principle is not applied to their masters until 3. 1. The present instance marks an attempt at such differentiation, though a misleading one, since 'Antipholis Errotis' is, of course, Antipholus of Syracuse.

23. S.D. F. 'Beats Dro.'

25. *Upon what bargain* v. G. 'earnest.'

28. *jest* Dyce and others read 'jet', which may be preferred.

32. *aspéct* v. G.

35. *Sconce, call you it* etc. v. G. 'sconce.' Note the sudden drop into prose, possibly denoting revision.

45-9. *Why, first* etc. F. prints as prose, which again suggests revision. Cf. note 2. 1. 70-4.

52. *next* Capell and Malone conj. 'next time'

56. *In good time* v. G. 'time.'

79. *scanted men* (Theobald) F. 'fscanted them' Theobald's reading, adopted by all mod. edd., is obviously correct. Malone notes a similar error in 2 *Hen. IV*, Ind. 8, where Q. reads 'men' and F. misprints 'them' The mistake here, therefore, may be due to the compositor.

82. *more hair than wit* Cf. *Two Gent.* 3. 1. 350-4.

88. *jollity* Staunton conj. and 'Arden' reads 'policy', which fits the context, while 'jollity' is pointless. If Shakespeare wrote 'pollitie' the word might easily be changed to 'jollity' by mishearing; but Shakespeare never uses 'polity' elsewhere, though the word occurs in Ben Jonson.

91. *not sound* The point is obscure.

93. *falsing* v. G. Grant White reads 'falling', which taken with 'sure' and Dromio's 'drop' (l. 97), seems to make better sense than the F.

97. *tiring* (Pope) F. 'trying'

100. *there is* The *t* looks broken in F. and is in some copies apparently missing. 'The F. comma before "there" sticks up and prevents the *d* of "proved" and the *t* of "there" marking properly' (W. W. Greg: privately).

101. *e'en no time* (Capell) F. 'in no time' F2 'no time' Malone approved of Capell's reading, but all mod. edd. follow F2. F2 can claim no authority, and

the F. 'in' is readily explained as a mishearing of 'e'en,' which makes good sense. v. pp. 66-8.

108-9. *I knew* etc. F. prints this as prose.

108. S.D. F. 'Enter Adriana and Luciana.'—after l. 109.

118. *Unless I spake* etc. (Steevens) F. 'Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee' The F. version suggests carelessness in the copying.

120. *then* Most edd. follow Rowe and read 'thus'; we see no sufficient reason for altering the F. text.

141. *grime* (Warburton) F. 'crime' Malone approved of Warburton's reading, which Dyce and Staunton follow. We think the context makes it almost certain. But 'grime' lacks palaeographical support, and the F. reading, if wrong, must be an ear-error. Cf. pp. 66-8.

145. *I live distained, thou undishonoured*. F. prints this line as the last in the speech, after 'Keep then....true bed.' We have transposed the couplet, since that seems the only way of making sense of the passage. All edd. have worried over 'distained.' Theobald coins a word 'dis-stained' and explains it as 'unstained'; but N.E.D. provides no parallel. The 'Globe' cuts the Gordian knot by reading 'unstained,' and there are other conjectures. 'Distained,' however, means 'stained,' is a good Shakespearian word (cf. *R. III*, 5. 3. 322, *Troil.* 1. 3. 241, *Per.* 4. 3. 31), and cannot be explained away. The line, where we place it, makes an excellent climax to ll. 140-4, and in a text like this transposition is not at all impossible. Cf. note 1. 1. 143-4.

164. *on the mart* Cf. note l. 6 above and pp. 78-82.

175. *stronger* (F4) F. 'stranger'

186. *the offered* (Capell) F. 'the free'd' The error probably arose through a compositor's misdivision of the contracted form 'thofred' in the transcribed copy, though the words ought not to have been contracted.

190. F. 'We talke with Goblins, Owles and

Sprights;’ A two-syllable word has clearly been omitted. Pope accordingly reads ‘elvish sprites’ and there are many other guesses. Theobald reads ‘ouphes’ for ‘owls’ which is very attractive, since ‘oufes’ and ‘oules’ might be confused in the MS; cf. *Temp.* 3.2.4-5 (note). Some edd. have defended ‘owls’ on the pretext that these birds are traditionally associated with witchcraft; e.g. Harsnet, *Popish Impostures*, 1603, speaks of a girl being ‘owle-blasted and possessed.’ Yet Dromio is surely thinking of spirits in human form.

192. *suck our breath* v. G.

194. *drone* (Theobald) F. ‘Dromio’

195. *am not I?* (Theobald) F. ‘am I not?’ Theobald’s emendation makes a sort of rhyme with the next line and both Aldis Wright and Craig follow.

204. *weep*, F. ‘weepe;’

205. *laugh* (Pope) F. ‘laughes’

207. *dine above* This prepares us for the use of the upper-stage in the next scene.

208. *shrive* v. G. 219. S.D. F. gives no ‘exeunt.’

3. I.

This scene is an important one from the point of view of the history of the text. v. pp. 77-8.

S.D. F. ‘Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthaser the Merchant.’ For this S.D. v. pp. 73-4. The scribe could glean Angelo’s name from the first line of the scene, and Balthazar’s from l. 19. But the description ‘Balthaser the Merchant’ is interesting, seeing that there is nothing in the dialogue to support it. It seems possible, therefore, that the scribe wrote the name down from memory, his memory of *The Historie of Error*, in which Balthazar *ex hypothesi* played a more important part than in Shakespeare’s version. The fact that he spells the name ‘Balthaser’ while it is spelt ‘Balthazar’ at ll. 19 and 22 lends colour to this supposition.

11-83. rhyme doggerel. v. p. 77.

24. *common; that* F. 'cōmon that'

41. *not; come* F. 'not come'

47. *thy face for an aim, or thy name for an ass* F. 'thy face for a name, or thy name for an affe' No one has been able to explain the F. reading, and various conjectures have been proposed. Dromio is referring to his recent experiences. His name had been changed 'for an ass' at ll. 15-18 above, while his face had been changed 'for an aim,' i.e. a butt or mark (v. N.E.D. 'aim' 6) by the blows which S. Antipholus in 1. 2. and Adriana in 2. 1. delivered upon his pate. The quibble on 'an aim' and 'a name' is parallel with that on 'an ell' and 'Nell' 3. 2. 110 and on 'ears' and 'years' at 4. 4. 29. It can scarcely be doubted that the F. reading is due to dictation. v. pp. 66-8.

S.D. F. 'Enter Luce.' N.B. No entry is given for S. Dromio, and this distinction marks their respective positions on the stage. In a public playhouse, for which this scene is clearly arranged, S. Dromio would be 'within' i.e. behind the door or curtain at the back of the inner-stage, while Luce and Adriana would appear on the balcony which overhangs the inner-stage. All previous edd. have placed the two women 'within' with S. Dromio. Such an arrangement is extremely awkward from the theatrical point of view, since the audience would be greatly puzzled by three unseen characters, more especially as one of them appears nowhere else in the play. Luce and Adriana, on the upper-stage, could be seen by the audience without themselves seeing E. Dromio and E. Antipholus, who would be at the door out of sight under the balcony. On the other hand at a performance such as that at Gray's Inn Dec. 28, 1594, where no inner-stage and probably no balcony would be available, the three characters would have to be 'within.' For the name 'Luce' v. p. 78.

49-51. F. divides 'Faith...Master./O Lord...Pro-
uerbe./Shall...staffe.'—thus ignoring the rhymes.

51. *set in my staff* v. G. 'staff.'

54. *I hope* Theobald reads 'I trow' for the sake of
the rhyme. Malone, pointing out that this would make
a triple rhyme, supposes a line lost. Triple rhymes are
frequent enough elsewhere, e.g. at ll. 63-5 below.
Nevertheless, Malone may be right, since Luce's 'I
thought to have asked you' and S. Dromio's rejoinder
are obscure as the text stands.

60. S.D. F. 'Enter Adriana.' v. note l. 47 S.D.
above.

65. *in pain* 'pain' is followed by 'sore,' so that the
text is not apparently corrupt; yet the point of the jest
seems hopelessly obscure.

67. *part with* v. G.

75. *you, sir* (F2) F. 'your fir'

83. *pluck a crow together* v. G. 'crow.'

89. *Once this* v. G.

her wisdom (Rowe) F. 'your wifedome'

91. *her part* (Rowe) F. 'your part'

108. *despite of mirth* Warburton and others explain:
'even out of spite to mirth, which is now of all things
the most displeasing to me.' Theobald reads 'despite of
wrath', which is simpler and possibly the true reading,
'mirth' and 'wrath' being not unlike in English script.

123. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

3. 2.

S.D. F. 'Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Sira-
cufia.' v. pp. 69-70.

1. F. heads this speech 'Iulia.' v. p. 70.

4. *building* (Theobald) F. 'buildings'

ruinate Capell, followed by most edd., reads 'ruin-
ous' to rhyme with 'Antipholus.' Theobald reads
'Antipholus, hate' in l. 2 to rhyme with 'ruinate.' The
modern reader must take his choice; we incline to

Theobald's reading, since 'ruinate' has the true Shakespearian ring and is not a likely word to have been substituted for 'ruinous' by a scribe. Moreover 'rot' as a transitive verb seems a distinct improvement. Cf. note 4. 2. 33.

16. *attaint* (Rowe) F. 'attaine'

20. *Ill deed is* F. 'Ill deeds is' F2, which all edd. follow, 'Ill deeds are' We prefer the singular as more in accordance with the style of the young Shakespeare, and because 'deeds is' is, to the ear, closer to 'deed is' than to 'deeds are.'

21. *but believe* (Theobald) F. 'not belecue'

26. *wife* (F2) F. 'wife'

32. *our earth's wonder* Douce supposes this to be a reference to Queen Elizabeth.

34. *earthy-gross* (Clark and Glover) F. 'earthie groffe'

conceit, F. 'conceit:'

46. *sister's* (F2) F. 'sifter'

49. *bed* (F2) F. 'bud' This may be an ear-error. In some English hands, however, an open *e* might be mistaken for *u*. Possibly simply a compositor's slip.

them (Capell) F. 'thee'

52. *Let Love, being light, be drownéd if she sink!* This has puzzled many; but Malone's apt parallel from *V. A.* 149-50, 'Love is a spirit all compact of fire,/Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire,' seems to make the meaning clear. 'Light'= fire, and 'drowned'=extinguished (cf. *Ham.* 4. 7. 192, Q2).

57. *where* (Rowe) F. 'when'

58. *As good to wink...night* Cf. *Two Gent.* 5. 2. 13-14.

60. *No*: F. prints this with l. 61.

66. *I am thee* Capell, followed by many mod. edd., reads 'I aim thee' (i.e. I intend thee); Rowe reads 'I mean thee' Yet the F. reading, after ll. 61-2, seems unexceptionable. Antipholus has just identified Luciana

with himself, and now counters her 'All this my sister is' with a conceit: 'Call yourself "sister," if you will; you have lost your identity in me.'

70. S.D. F. 'Exit.'/'Enter Dromio, Siracusia.'

71-80. F. prints as verse; and ll. 71-2 and 79-80 may be read as verse. Since Antipholus and Dromio speak verse together at ll. 144-54, the prose in the scene may be due to revision.

86. *horse*; F. 'horfe,'

90. *reverend* (Boswell) F. 'reuerent' Cf. notes 5. 1. 5, 124.

96. *all grease* a quibble, 'grease' and 'grace' being pronounced alike at this period.

99. *a Poland winter* Cf. *Meas.* 2. 1. 129-30.

103. *sweats* Some copies F. read 'fwoats', others 'fweats'. If 'fwoats' be not a misprint, it is an un-Shakespearian spelling. v. p. 66. Cf. note 4. 2. 29.

104. *over-shoes* Cf. *Two Gent.* 1. 1. 24, 25.

109. *her name and* (Theobald) F. 'her name is'

114-38. This lesson in the geography of Nell's person is a companion panel to Launce's 'catalogue' in *Two Gent.* 3. 1. 271-360. The two passages were probably written very much at the same period.

120. *barren-nesses* F. 'barenneffe' The F. reading leaves 'hard' without point, while it is not particularly applicable to Scotland. But 'barren-nesses' is very Scotland, and refers aptly to the callosities on the palm of a kitchen drudge. For a barren palm cf. *Ado.* 2. 1. 123 'his dry hand' and *Ant.* 1. 2. 53 'an oily palm.'

123-4. *armed and reverted...heir* The passage is important as proving that this portion, at least, of the text cannot have been written earlier than 1589 or later than 1593, since the reference is to the civil war between Henry IV and the League. N.B. 'reverted'=revolted. v. G. 'armed and reverted' and 'reverted.'

126. *chalky cliffs* Dromio clearly means her teeth, though no commentator appears to have observed this.

144-5. F. prints this rhyme-doggerel as prose.

144. *faith* Hanmer and many others read 'flint', to balance 'steel'; but 'faith' is surely the meaning required here. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 3. 1. 155 'as puts me from my faith.'

154. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

163. S.D. F. 'Enter Angelo with the Chaine.'

165. *here is* (Pope) F. 'here's'

177, 184. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

4. 1.

S.D. F. 'Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.' It is noteworthy that after act 3 the name 'Angelo' never appears in either S.D. or speech-headings. It crops up in the dialogue once, i.e. 4. 4. 131. Cf. p. 69.

13. S.D. F. 'Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.' For this S.D. v. p. 72.

17. *her* (Rowe) F. 'their'

21. *I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!*

The point of this is not obvious. Prof. Unwin (privately) suggests that it refers to the 'thousand marks' which S. Antipholus demands of E. Dromio at 1. 2. 81. E. Dromio there replies:

I have some marks of yours upon my pate:
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders:
But not a thousand marks between you both.

In buying the rope he will be buying a thousand pounds (i.e. blows) a year—for Adriana and her confederates.

S.D. F. 'Exit Dromio.'

41. This unmetrical 12-syllable line suggests adaptation.

42. *I will...* F. 'I will?'

47. *to blame* (F4) F. 'too blame' 'In the 16-17th cent. the *to* was misunderstood as "too" and *blame* taken as an adj.=blameworthy, culpable' (N.E.D.).

55. *now*; F. 'now.'

56. *send me by some token* i.e. 'send him with a verbal token to his wife, by which it might be ascertained that he came from Antipholus, and that she might safely pay the price of the chain' (Malone).

60. *wh'er* F. 'whe'r' Cf. *Temp.* 5. I. 111.

answer v. G.

70. *I do*, F. prints this with l. 71; Hanmer reads it as part of l. 69. Possibly the result of a small 'cut.'

85. S.D. F. 'Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.' v. p. 72.

88. *then she* (Capell) F. 'then fir fhe' The compositor, or transcriber, may have caught 'sir' from the end of the line. Cf. note l. 99 below.

94-5. *sheep...ship* For the quibble cf. *Two Gent.* 1. 1. 72-3 and *L.L.L.* 2. 1. 221.

96. *hire* F. 'hier'—which provides the necessary extra syllable to the line.

99. *rope's-end, sir, as soon* (Cunningham) F. 'ropes end as foone' Steevens reads 'Sir, for a rope's-end as soon', but Cunningham's position for 'sir' seems better. For 'rope's-end' v. G.

109. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

114. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

4. 2.

S.D. F. 'Enter Adriana and Luciana.'

2. *austerely* This has puzzled edd. Hudson reads 'assuredly' But Adriana would not wish Luciana to gaze into Antipholus' eye otherwise than 'austerely,' and she is evidently suspicious.

6. *Of his* (F2) F. 'Oh, his' An interesting misprint, which suggests that Shakespeare here, as sometimes elsewhere, spelt 'of' as 'a' or 'o'—a not infrequent cause of confusion in the old texts. For 'meteors' v. G.

28. S.D. F. 'Enter S. Dromio.'

29. *sweat now* F. 'fweet now' The rude clown can

hardly address the ladies as 'sweet,' and Keightley does not improve matters much by reading 'sweet mistress.' N.B. Adriana was not S. Dromio's 'mistress.' But 'sweat now' suits the context well, while 'sweat' and 'sweet' could both be spelt 'swete' or 'swet' in the 16th cent. and the sp. 'swet' = 'sweat' is found in *Lucr.* 396. Cf. *Temp.* note 4. 1. 184.

33. *everlasting garment* i.e. of buff; cf. l. 36 below, 4. 3. 18, 23 and v. G. It is important to notice that S. Dromio's mind is full of images from the old miracle and morality plays in this and the following scene.

hath him Spedding and others add 'by the heel' for the sake of the rhyme, and they may be right. Cf. note 3. 2. 4, where another rhyming word may have been omitted from the end of a line.

34. *One* (F2) F. 'On'—a common 16th cent. sp. Cf. *Two Gent.* 2. 1. 3 (note).

35. *fury* (Theobald) F. 'Fairie'—which has been defended. The difference between the two words is one minim. Aldis Wright follows Theobald.

38. *creeks, and narrow lands* v. G. 'creeks,' 'lands.'

42. *matter...case* v. G. 'case.'

45. *But he's* (F2) F. 'but is' Taken by itself this might be explained as the omission of 'he' by the compositor; but in the present text it looks like an ear-error, 'he's' taken for 'is.' Cf. note l. 60 below.

46. *Mistress Redemption* (F4) F. 'Mistris redemption' All mod. edd. read 'send him, mistress, redemption, the money' etc., which is awkward. F4 is surely right, since the reading throws us back into the atmosphere of the morality plays. Cf. note l. 33 above. It must be remembered that Adriana was a stranger to S. Dromio.

47. *wonder at*, F. 'wonder at.'

S.D. F. 'Exit Luciana.'

48. *That he* (F2) F. 'Thus he'

54. *hear* (F2) F. 'here'—a common mistake in the Qq.

57. *to season* v. G. 'season.'

60. *If he* (Malone) F. 'If I' Probably another ear-error. Cf. note l. 45 above and p. 67. Rowe reads 'If Time' and most mod. edd. follow.

61. S.D. F. 'Enter Luciana.'

65. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

4. 3.

S.D. F. 'Enter Antipholus Siracusia.'

1. F. omits the heading 'S. Ant.' before the speech.
v. p. 71.

13. *Where have you got the picture* F. 'what have you got the picture' Theobald reads 'What, have you got rid of the picture'; Malone pronounced this emendation 'absolutely necessary,' and many mod. edd. follow. But Shakespeare never uses the phrase 'get rid of,' and N.E.D. quotes no example earlier than 1665. The words 'what' and 'where' might easily become interchanged, especially as the next line begins with 'what.' v. G. 'Adam.'

15. *What gold is this* etc. A line of verse, suggesting that the prose is the result of revision. S. Antipholus returns to verse at l. 40.

19-20. *like an evil angel...your liberty* S. Dromio's mind still runs on the old miracle plays; 'forsake your liberty' i.e. sell your soul to the devil.

24. *sob* Various conjectures; 'Oxford' reads 'fob', 'Arden' reads 'bob' But 'sob' is right, v. G.

34. *ship* (F2) F. 'ships'

38-9. *angels...to deliver you* Good angels this time, sent by Mistress Redemption. v. note 4. 2. 46.

42. S.D. F. 'Enter a Curtizan.' It seems absolutely necessary that this lady should enter from a door marked 'the house of the Courtesan,' if the audience is to grasp who she is. Cf. note l. 57 below and p. 80.

47. *Mistress Satan* Yet another character in S. Dromio's miracle play.

49. *Nay...devil's dam* F. prints this separately as a line of verse. Cf. note l. 15 above.

50-1. *and thereof comes* etc. Cf. *Two Gent.* 3. 1. 298 'And thereof comes the proverb' etc. precisely in the same manner. Cf. note 3. 2. 114-38.

52. *that's as much as to say* (Rowe) F. 'that's as much to fay' Cf. *Two Gent.* 3. 1. 312 'That's as much as to say, bastard virtues.'

53. *It is written* etc. Cf. 2 *Cor.* xi. 14 'Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.'

54-5. *light wenches will burn* 'Burning' was a euphemism for some form of venereal disease. v. Sh. Eng. i. 439.

57. *We'll mend our dinner here* Clearly she points to the door labelled 'Courtesan's house' as she says this. Cf. note l. 42 above and pp. 80-1.

58-9. *Master, if you do*, etc. (F2) F. 'Maſter, if do expect ſpoon-meate, or beſpeake a long ſpoone.' The word 'you' has obviously been omitted. 'I believe some other words were passed over by the compositor' (Malone), and we think this likely. The sense is obscure. v. G. 'spoon-meat.'

63. *Avoid, thou fiend* (F4) F. 'Auoid then fiend'—a common *o:e* error. Dyce and Craig read 'Avoid thee, fiend'; but cf. 'Avaunt, thou witch' l. 77 below.

69-74. *Some devils...with it*. F. prints this as prose, which fact with the broken line at 71 suggests revision or abridgment. N.B. The text does not tell us what the devils do with their gifts, though it might be understood.

69-71. *parings of one's nail* etc. This interesting list of articles used in witchcraft is not referred to in the chapter on superstition in Sh. Eng.

78. *Fly pride* etc. v. G. 'pride.' S.D. F. 'Exit.'

94. S.D. F. gives no 'exit.'

4. 4.

S.D. F. 'Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Iailor.'

7. S.D. F. 'Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.'

14. *I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.* We may suppose that Dromio apes the obsequious manners of a shopman, as he says these words.

16. The omission of 'am' would improve this line, a word perhaps carelessly added in the transcript.

29. *'ears* (Aldis Wright: conj.) F. 'eares' The quibble on 'years' seems to us unmistakable. We get 'yeere' for 'ear' at 2 *Hen. IV*, I. 2. 218, and as late as 1749 Lord Chesterfield was complaining of the vulgar pronunciation 'yearth' for 'earth.'

38. S.D. F. 'Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoole-maſter, call'd Pinch.' The description 'a schoolmaster' once again suggests that the writer of the S.D. knew more about the characters than the received text tells us. Cf. 3. I. head-note. v. G. 'conjurer.'

40. *respice finem* v. G.

41. *to prophesy* (Dyce) F. 'the propheſie'

43. S.D. F. 'Beats Dro.'

67. *Dined* F. 'Din'd' Capell 'I din'd' Theobald 'Din'd I'

73. *kitchen-maid* This establishes the identity of Luce and Nell. v. p. 78.

74. *Certes* (F2) F. 'Certis'

76. *bear* (F2) F. 'beares'

78. *contraries* (F2) F. 'crontraries'

84-5. *heart and good-will...not a rag of money* Cf. Nashe, *Four Letters Confuted* (1592), ed. McKerrow, i. 301: 'heart and good will, but neuer a ragge of money.' The parallel, hitherto unnoticed we believe, is remarkable and unless both writers are quoting from some common source, we must suppose that Nashe was borrowing from Shakespeare. Cf. McKerrow, *Nashe*, i. 271-2: 'I borrowed this sentence out of a

Play. The Theater, Poets hall, hath many more such prouerbes' etc.

88. *she did.* F. 'she did:'. Possibly a 'cut' here.

93. *laid in some dark room* The recognised treatment for lunacy at this period. Compare the confinement of Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*.

106. S.D. F. 'Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him: Hee striues.'—after l. 104.

108-111. *What, will you...not have him.* F. prints as prose.

108. *murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,* F. 'murther me, thou Iailor thou?'

125-8. *Out on thee...talk* F. prints as prose.

129. S.D. F. 'Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan.'

142. S.D. F. 'Enter Antipholus Siracusia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Sirac.'

144-5. F. prints:

Adr. And come with naked fwords,

Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'l kill vs.

Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frightened.

It seems probable that 'Exeunt omnes' was the original S.D., and that 'Runne all out, as fast as may be, frightened.' was written in the margin in two lines, and so got divided. Cf. pp. 72-3. N.B. 'Exeunt omnes' is wrong, as the text stands, while the verse-lines are misdivided.

151. *you see* (Capell) F. 'you faw'

156. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

5. I.

S.D. F. 'Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.'

5. *reverend* F. 'reuerent' Cf. note l. 124 below.

9. S.D. F. 'Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.' This 'again' clearly marks the S.D. as theatrical and not literary.

12. *near with me* (Hudson) F. 'neere to me' Note the hypnotic effect of 'to have' and 'to him' in close proximity, which might easily give rise to the misprint.

26. *know'st* Pope reads 'knowest', Hanmer 'knowest well' and there are other conjectures.

32. S.D. F. 'They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.'

33. *God's sake* (F3) F. 'God fake' Cf. note 1. 2. 93. F. prints 'Gods fake' at l. 36 just below.

37. S.D. F. 'Exeunt to the Priorie.']/ 'Enter Ladie Abbessie.'

46. *much much different* (F2) F. 'much different' Cf. *M. of V.* 3. 2. 61.

51. *Strayed* not found elsewhere in Shakespeare in transitive use.

61. broken line.

63. *urging it*: F. 'vrging it,'

69. *clamour* (Capell) F. 'clamors'

70. *tooth*. so F.

72. *light*. so F.

77. *bravols*: F. 'bralles.' v. p. 66.

79. *But moody and dull melancholy* Various dissyllables have been suggested by critics to fill up this short line, generally some sb. to follow 'moody,' e.g. 'madness,' 'sadness,' 'musing,' 'moping,' etc. The context, however, seems to forbid the possibility of a second sb. Perhaps we should read 'dull-footed' for 'dull,' which would lead up to 'her heels.'

80. *Kinsman* The 18th cent. edd. worried over the gender of this word. Mod. edd. are content to take it in the generic sense.

86. *Have* (F2) F. 'Hath'

112. S.D. F. gives no 'exit.'

121. *death* (F3) F. 'depth' Almost certainly an ear-error. Cf. 'helpe' for 'health' 1. 1. 151 (cf. note) and v. pp. 66-8.

123. broken line.

124. *reverend* (F3) F. 'reuerent' Cf. notes 3. 2. 90; 5. 1. 5. F. prints 'reuerend' at l. 134 below.

129. S.D. F. 'Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse bare head, with the Headfman, & other Officers.'

137. *Whom* (F2) F. 'Who'

138. *letters—this* F. 'Letters this'

155. *pursued them*; F. 'pursu'd them,'

161. *wars*; F. 'wars'

167. S.D. F. 'Enter a Messenger.'

168. F. gives no speech-heading. v. p. 71.

174. *to him* Capell omitted these words to make the line run smoothly. Alternatively 'and the' might be left out. Possibly the scribe inserted one or the other inadvertently.

175. *scissors* F. 'Cizers' *nicks him like a fool* v. G.

183. *scorch* Warburton and some others read 'scotch' The F. reading suggests the entry of Antipholus and Dromio with burning brands at l. 189, which makes an effective tableau.

S.D. F. 'Cry within.' This proves that the scene takes place close to the house of Antipholus.

185. S.D. F. 'Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.'—after l. 189. The duplication in 'E. Dromio of Ephesus' seems to show touching up of the original S.D. by the second scribe. Cf. note 4. 4. 144-5 and v. p. 70.

195-6. This speech is printed as prose and headed 'Mar. Fat.' (i.e. Merchant Father) by F. Possibly written in the margin at some stage of the transmission.

219. *That goldsmith there* etc. This is curious after Angelo's speech (ll. 212-13) in support of Antipholus.

223. *Balthazar* The only reference to this character outside 3. 1. v. p. 78. Antipholus seems to imply that the Duke is acquainted with the man.

232. *returned*. F. 'return'd.'

235. *By th' way we met* This broken line, which

strongly suggests a 'cut,' is printed as part of l. 236 by F.

241. F. prints 'A needy-hollow-ey'd-fharpe-looking-wretch'

246. *all together* (Rowe) F. 'altogether'

282. S.D. F. 'Exit one to the Abbess.'

283. Ægeon's speeches are from henceforth headed 'Fa.', 'Fath.' or 'Father' in F. v. p. 69.

302-6. *Neither* etc. This passage, consisting of verse-scrap and prose in the middle of a verse-scene, suggests abridgment.

306. *bound* a quibble on Ægeon's 'bonds.'

315. *lamps* Rowe, followed by some mod. edd., reads 'lamp' But Ægeon is surely speaking of his eyes.

317. *old witnesses—I cannot err*— (Rowe) F. 'old witnesses, I cannot erre.' Possibly we should read 'All these hold witness as I cannot err.' This would run smoothly, fit in with the F. pointing, and add force to l. 318. Warburton suggested 'hold' for 'old' The construction of the F. reading is unusual and awkward, while the mistake might easily arise through dictation.

320. *Syracusa, boy*, F. 'Siracusa boy' Hanmer reads 'Syracusa bay' which is attractive. 'Boy' is somewhat brusque for Ægeon's pleading vein.

329. S.D. F. 'Enter the Abbess with Antipholus Siracusa, and Dromio Sir.'

330. S.D. F. 'All gather to see them.'

333. *And so of these*, (F.) Most edd. read 'And so of these.' There seems no reason to alter the F. pointing. The Duke says, in effect, 'And so of these two Dromios, which is the man and which the Genius?'

346-51. *Why, here...met together*. Capell, followed by all subsequent edd., altered the position of these six lines and placed them after the next speech of the Abbess (ll. 355-61), on the ground that 'her urging of the wrack' is unsupported by anything in Emilia's first speech. But, as a matter of fact, she says nothing of the

'wrack' in either speech and it seems to us that the simplest way out of the difficulty is to preserve the F. arrangement and suppose that some lines mentioning the 'wrack' have been 'cut' after l. 343. The Duke's 'here begins' shows that he seizes upon the resemblance as soon as Æmilia commences her story, while her second speech appears to continue the account of the 'wrack' which should have been begun in her first. We are indebted for this solution to a suggestion by Dr W. W. Greg

366. broken line or prose.

368. *Menaphon* In 1589 Robert Greene published his Arcadian romance with this title. As a good deal of the verse in I. I. is remarkably similar to Greene's, it is possible that he had a hand in the *Historie of Error* at some stage of its development.

371, 383. broken lines or prose.

376. *a dream I see and hear* Cf. *Two Gent.* 5. 4. 26.

388. *errors* So F. Most edd. print 'ERRORS'

are arose Dr Henry Bradley (Sh. Eng. ii. 551) quotes this as an instance of the use of preterital for the participial form. But in a text like this it seems likely that Shakespeare wrote 'here arose' (anon. conj.). Cf. 'burthen are' for 'burden ne'er' l. 402 below.

395. *fortunes*: 396. *place*, F. 'fortunes,'/'place:' thus transposing the terminal pointing.

398. *wrong, go* F. 'wrong. Goe' The mistake apparently arises from the transposition in ll. 395-6.

400. *Thirty-three* Theobald reads 'twenty five', since eighteen years had elapsed between the wreck and the separation from S. Antipholus (v. I. I. 125) and seven years between that and the present time (v. 5. I. 320). Theobald presumes that the number 'was at first written in figures and perhaps blindly.' But the mistake may well be the author's. Consistency as regards the passage of time which affects the structure of the play is a different matter.

402. *burden ne'er* (Dyce) F. 'burthen are' Most

mod. edd., including Aldis Wright, accept Dyce's emendation, which we may take as certain. Craig reads 'burdens ne'er' We can only explain the F. reading as an ear-error. v. pp. 66-8.

405. *gossips' feast* v. G.

joy with me (Dyce, followed by Craig and others) F. 'go with mee' Dyce is almost certainly right, and we must suppose that 'joy' became 'go' by attraction with 'go' at the beginning of the line. N.B. 'joy'=enjoy; cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 3. 2. 365.

406. *festivity* (Johnson, followed by 'Globe,' 'Oxford' and most mod. edd.) F. 'Natiuitie' Johnson writes: 'Nativity lying so near, and the termination being the same of both words, the mistake was easy.' It is noticeable that these errors accumulate towards the end of the text, as if those engaged in the dictation were growing impatient with their task.

407. S.D. F. 'Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.'

408. *Master*. F. 'Maft.'

413. S.D. F. 'Exit.'

422. *senior* F. 'Signior'

426. S.D. F. 'Exeunt.'

THE STAGE-HISTORY OF *THE COMEDY OF ERRORS*

In spite of an entry in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber, which states that the Lord Chamberlain's Company was acting before the Court at Greenwich on the evening of December 28, 1594, it is commonly accepted that on that evening they were acting Shakespeare's play, *The Comedy of Errors*, in Gray's Inn during the Christmas Revels. *Gesta Grayorum*, the contemporary account of those revels, gives a vivid picture of the scene. When the Lord Ambassador from 'Templaria,' the Inner Temple, had been placed in a chair of state in the hall, 'there arose such a disordered Tumult and Crowd upon the Stage, that there was no Opportunity to effect that which was intended.' Worshipful Personages, and 'Gentlewomen, whose Sex did privilege them from Violence,' crowded on to the stage, and might not be displaced. The Lord Ambassador and his train departed, 'in a sort, discontented and displeased'; but still the tumult went on, so as to 'disorder and confound any good Inventions whatsoever. In regard whereof, as also for that the Sports intended were especially for the gracing of the *Templarians*, it was thought good not to offer any thing of Account, saving Dancing and Revelling with Gentlewomen; and after such Sports, a Comedy of Errors (like to *Plautus* his *Menechmus*) was played by the Players. So that Night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but Confusion and Errors; whereupon, it was ever afterwards called, *The Night of Errors*.'

In 1598 Meres mentions 'Shakespeare...his *Errors*' among the six comedies of Shakespeare; the Revels Accounts show that '*The Plaie of Errors*, by Shaxberd,' was acted by His Majesty's Players before the Court at Whitehall on Innocents' Night, 1604. Then the play disappears for nearly a century and a half. On October 9, 1734, 'a Comedy in two Acts taken from Plautus and Shakspeare, called See if you like it, or 'Tis all a Mistake' was acted at Covent Garden by Stoppelear and others. Five times in the season of 1741-2 *The Comedy of Errors* was acted at Drury Lane, and it is recorded that in these performances Macklin played Dromio of Syracuse; and thereafter, in one version or another, the comedy appeared pretty regularly at Covent Garden, and once or twice at Drury Lane, until the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. It seems to have been a special favourite for benefit nights. Several people tried their hands at improving it; and it is not always possible to tell from the records whose version was acted on each occasion, though it is safe to conclude that it was never, during that period, Shakespeare's own. And in the casts Antipholus is always spelled Antipholis. At Covent Garden, on April 24, 1762, *The Twins, or the Comedy of Errors* was acted 'but once,' with a new prologue by Smith. This version was attributed to Thomas Hull, actor and dramatist, but was probably not his work. At Covent Garden, on January 22, 1779, another version appears, which may have been Hull's; or, again, the production at Covent Garden on June 3, 1793, may have been the first performance of Hull's version of the comedy, which is said to have been published in London in that year. Meanwhile at the Theatre Royal in Edinburgh, in 1780, a farce by W. Woods, called *The*

Twins, or Which is Which?, 'altered from Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors,' was produced; and this farce, the author of which 'endeavoured to use the Pruning-Knife only to make the shoots of Genius spring forth more vigorously,' was printed at Edinburgh the same year. On April 6, 1790, a version in three acts makes its appearance at Covent Garden; and in 1808, on January 9, John Philip Kemble produced his own alteration (first printed in 1811) of the version by Hull. Hull had cut a great deal of Shakespeare out and had put a great deal of Hull in its place. In general, the aim of these versions was to remove, or to conceal, the 'improbability' of the events, and to get rid of some of the verbal witticism which amused Georgian audiences less than it had amused Elizabethan. Among the players who took part in the comedy during this period we find Hull constantly playing Ægeon. 'Gentleman' Lewis was famous as Antipholis of Syracuse. Quick was an excellent Dromio of Ephesus, with sometimes Brunsdon, but usually Munden for Dromio of Syracuse; and, after Quick had left Covent Garden for Drury Lane, we find Rees playing Dromio of Ephesus to the Dromio of Syracuse of Munden, and closely imitating Munden's voice and manner. Mrs Lessingham, Mrs Bates, Mrs Mattocks and Miss Wallis all played Adriana; and an eminent Luciana was Mrs Mountain, while Wewitzer was often seen as Dr Pinch. When Kemble first produced his alteration of the version by Hull (who died just about that time), Pope and Charles Kemble played the Antipholis twins, Munden and Blanchard the Dromios (unfortunately, Blanchard was much taller than Munden); Murray succeeded Hull as Ægeon; Mrs Gibbs was the Adriana, and Miss Norton the Luciana.

Kemble's version held the stage (it is at least strongly probable that it was his uncle's version which Henry Siddons, the son of Sarah, staged at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in February, 1815) until, in 1819, Frederic Reynolds turned the comedy into an opera, which was as successful as were most of Reynolds's operas, and was acted 27 times in one season. Songs from other plays by Shakespeare were dragged in with complete impropriety; but the staging was splendid; the music was well chosen by Henry Bishop, and the cast included Liston and William Farren as the Dromios, Blanchard as Dr Pinch, Mrs Faucit as the Abbess, Miss Stephens as Adriana, and Maria Tree as Luciana. Hazlitt said of Maria Tree: 'She sings delightfully in company with Miss Stephens; and in the Comedy of Errors almost puzzles the town, as she does Antipholis of Syracuse, which to prefer: *Magis pares quam similes.*' In February, 1820, *The Comedy of Errors*, which possibly means Reynolds's opera, was staged at Bath, with Farren as Antipholis of Syracuse; but poor Miss Greene, less fortunate than Miss Stephens, was 'execrable' as Adriana. However, she was not too execrable to play the part in the autumn of that year at Covent Garden. And at Drury Lane, in 1824, Mme Vestris appeared in the opera as Luciana, to the Adriana of Miss Stephens, with Liston and Harley for the Dromios.

Samuel Phelps restored Shakespeare's *The Comedy of Errors* (with many another of Shakespeare's plays) to the stage. On Nov. 8, 1855, he played it at Sadler's Wells, tacked on to a 'new play called Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh,' written by one A. R. Slous; but in January, 1856, he seems to have given it the place of honour in his bill. In the next decade the play was

taken up by two Irish brothers, Charles and Harry Webb, who played the Dromios at Drury Lane under Falconer and Chatterton, at the Princess's during the Shakespeare Tercentenary celebrations of 1864, and in many provincial towns. On one occasion, in 1864, when they were playing the comedy at Liverpool, the Antipholus of Syracuse was a young actor named S. B. Bancroft, and the Dr Pinch a still younger actor named John Hare. The Webbs anticipated modern experiments by acting the piece continuously, without fall of the curtain, and it was beautifully mounted. Lionel Brough once played one of the Dromios at Saker's theatre in Liverpool; but, after the Webbs, the most notable pair of Dromios were the American actor, J. S. Clarke, and Harry Paulton, who acted these parts in 1883 at the now demolished Strand and Opera Comique theatres, the play being given in three acts, with Miss Lindley for Adriana, and some attractive scenery and costumes by Lewis Wingfield. The comedy was in the repertory of the Benson company, who acted it in London in the spring and summer of 1905, with F. R. Benson as Antipholus of Syracuse, and George R. Weir and Arthur Whitby as the Dromios.

HAROLD CHILD.

GLOSSARY

Note. Where a pun or quibble is intended, the meanings are distinguished as (a) and (b)

- ADAM, 'the picture of old Adam new-apparelled,' a reference to the sergeant's buff-coat (v. *buff* and 4. 2. 36). Cf. *Gen.* iii. 21 'Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them'; 4. 3. 13
- ANATOMY, skeleton; 5. 1. 239
- ANSWER, discharge a debt (cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 3. 185); 4. 1. 60
- APPARENTLY, openly; 4. 1. 79
- AQUA-VITÆ, ardent spirits; 4. 1. 90
- ARMED AND REVERTED, a reference to the 'French disease,' (a) in the body politic of France, i.e. the civil war between Henry IV, the 'heir,' and the 'reverted' (q.v.) League, (b) i.e. venereal disease, 'armed' = with eruptions and 'reverted' = receding because of the loss of hair (cf. *Meas.* G. 'French crown'); 3. 2. 123
- ASPÉCT, (a) glance, (b) the favourable or unfavourable influence of a planet according to the old astrologers; 2. 2. 32, 111
- ASSURED, pledged, betrothed; 3. 2. 140
- ATTACH, arrest; 4. 1. 6
- AUSTERELY, with self-restraint; 4. 2. 2
- AVOID, depart, quit; 4. 3. 46, 63
- BACK-FRIEND, lit. a pretended or false friend; here used of the sergeant who comes behind and claps his victim on the back (cf. *shoulder-clapper*); 4. 2. 37
- BALSAMUM, balm; 4. 1. 90
- BAND, (a) bond, i.e. for debt; 4. 3. 30, (b) a leash to tie up a dog (v. N.E.D. sb.¹ 5), hence the quibble on 'a chain'; 4. 2. 49, 50
- BASS-VIOL, violoncello, with a quibble upon 'base' and 'vile'; 4. 3. 23
- BEAR, 'his word might bear my wealth at any time.' Not satisfactorily explained; the natural interpretation would be 'his word is as good as my whole credit,' but N.E.D. quotes no examples of 'bear' in this sense; 5. 1. 8
- BECOME DISLOYALTY, i.e. assume disloyalty with an air (the following line develops the thought); 3. 2. 11
- BLESS (that cross), (a) consecrate; cf. the similar play upon 'bless' and 'cross' in *Ado*, 1. 3. 70, and McKerrow, *Nashe*, iii. 35; (b) beat, thrash. Cf. *Gam. Gurt. Need.* 3. 3 'Tarry, thou knave ... I shall make these hands bless thee'; 2. 1. 79
- BOUGHT AND SOLD, in modern slang 'sold'; 3. 1. 72
- BREAKING, (a) breaking wind, (b) cutting up a deer or hind after the kill; 3. 1. 74-7
- BREAKING GULF, i.e. of the waves, cf. *Ric. II*, 3. 2. 3 'the breaking seas'; 2. 2. 126
- BUCK (mad as a), i.e. as a buck in the rutting season, cf. *horn-mad* and the modern 'mad as a March hare'; 3. 1. 72

BUFF, 'a very stout kind of leather made of ox-hide, dressed with oil, and having a characteristic fuzzy surface, and a dull whitish-yellow colour' (N.E.D.), used for the attire of sergeants, bum-bailiffs and soldiers (cf. *Adam*); 4. 2. 36, 45.

CAPON, lit. a castrated cock, often employed to signify a dull fool; 1. 2. 44; 3. 1. 32

CARCANET, 'an ornamental collar or necklace, usually of gold or set with jewels' (N.E.D.); 3. 1. 4

CAREFUL, full of care; 5. 1. 299

CARRACKS, galleons; 3. 2. 136

CASE (on the), (a) 'an action on the case' = a form of legal procedure, which Blackstone describes as 'an universal remedy for all personal wrongs and injuries without force, not specially provided for by law, so called because the plaintiff's whole case or cause of complaint is set forth at length in the original writ' (cf. *Sh. Eng.* i. 390-1), (b) clothes. Malone writes 'Dromio, I believe, is still quibbling. His master's "case" was touched by the shoulder-clapper, who was himself "in a case of leather"'; 4. 2. 42

CHARECT, old form of 'carat'; 4. 1. 28

CHARGEFUL, expensive; 4. 1. 29

CIRCUMSTANCE, argument; 5. 1. 16

COMPACT, sb. plot, conspiracy; 2. 2. 161

COMPACT, *adj.* composed, made up of (cf. *M.N.D.* 5. 1. 8); 3. 2. 22

CONCEIT, (i) understanding; 3. 2. 34, (ii) imagination; 4. 2. 64, 65

CONJURER, lit. one who deals with devils or spirits. Dr Pinch is more strictly an 'exorcist'; he

is a schoolmaster, because only scholars had enough Latin to address spirits in the language they were supposed to understand (cf. *Ham.* 1. 1. 42 'Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio'); 4. 4. 46; 5. 1. 177, 243

COPY, 'It was the copy of our conference'; the 'copy of a conference' = the agenda or subject-matter. Cf. Udall, *Diotrephes* (1588), 'One had conference with a bishop...and gave his friends a copy of his conference'; 5. 1. 62

COUNTER (run), (a) hunting term = to follow a trail in the direction opposite to that taken by the game, (b) a quibble upon 'Counter' = the debtor's prison (cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, 1. 2. 102 'You hunt-counter: hence! avaunt!'); 4. 2. 39

COUNTERMANDS (the passages of etc.), forbids entry to; 4. 2. 37

COZENAGE, fraud, imposture; 1. 2. 97

CREEKS, winding narrow passages (v. N.E.D. sb.¹ 5); 4. 2. 38

CROW, 'pluck a crow together,' provb. = to settle accounts, to pick a bone together; 3. 1. 83

CURTAL-DOG, a dog with a docked tail, of no service in the chase; 3. 2. 145

CUSTOMER, 'a familiar associate or companion' (N.E.D.); 4. 4. 59

DEALER, 'plain dealer' = one free from deceit, and (here app.) of wit; in 'the plainer dealer, the sooner lost' S. Dromio seems to be using 'deal' in its original sense of 'divide, sever'; 2. 2. 86

DECLINE, incline; 3. 2. 44

- DEFEATURE, disfigurement (cf. *V. A.* 736 'pure perfection with impure defeature'); 2. 1. 98; 5. 1. 300
- DISTAINED, defiled, sullied (cf. *Ric. III.* 5. 3. 322); 2. 2. 145
- DOUBTFULLY, with the secondary meaning of 'dreadfully' (v. N.E.D. 'doubtful' 3, 4, 5); 2. 1. 53
- DOWSABEL, the English form of Dulcibella, 'applied generically to a sweetheart' (N.E.D.); 4. 1. 111
- DRAW DRY-FOOT, to track game by the mere scent of the foot-print (cf. *Sh. Eng.* ii. 335-6); 4. 2. 39
- DRY. Unbasted meat becomes dry when cooked; a 'dry complexion' was supposed to induce cholera; a dry-basting = (by a quibble) a severe beating (cf. *Rom.* 3. 1. 83 'dry-beat.' In this sense 'dry' = mighty and is etymologically distinct from 'dry' as opposed to moist. v. *Mod. Lang. Rev.* x. pp. 224-5); 2. 2. 58-62
- DURANCE (suits of), (a) imprisonment, (b) app. a stout kind of cloth, but Shakespeare seems to identify 'durance' with 'buff' (q.v.). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* 1. 2. 49 'Is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?'; 4. 3. 26
- EARNEST, with a quibble upon 'earnest-money,' i.e. an instalment paid for the purpose of securing a bargain; 2. 2. 24
- ELL, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards; 3. 2. 110
- ENSCONCE, conceal (v. *sconce*); 2. 2. 38
- EVERLASTING, 'a material used in the 16-17th c. for the dress of sergeants and catchpoles, app. identical with durance' (N.E.D.). The sergeant in *Errors*, however, is certainly clad in buff-leather and not cloth (cf. *durance* and 'he that goes in the calf's skin,' 4. 3. 17); 'everlasting' would suit this material also, and, for the rest, is a highly appropriate epithet for the garment of a 'devil'; 4. 2. 33
- EXCREMENT, any outgrowth of the body, e.g. hair, nails; 2. 2. 77
- FACTOR, commercial agent; 1. 1. 41
- FALL, let fall; 2. 2. 125
- FALSING, deceiving, defrauding, falsifying (v. note); 2. 2. 93
- FEEL (his meaning), perceive, sense (cf. *Hen. V.* 4. 1. 131 'You speak this to feel other men's minds'); 2. 1. 51
- FINE AND RECOVERY, a legal procedure by which entailed property might be converted into fee-simple; S. Antipholus appears to be quibbling upon 'heir' and 'hair'; 2. 2. 73
- FOOL-BEGGED, i.e. idiotic, 'so foolish that the guardianship of it might be begged' (Nares). 'To beg a person' = 'to petition the Court of Wards for the custody of a minor, an heiress or an idiot, as feudal superior or as having interest in the matter; hence also fig. "to beg (any one) for a fool" or "idiot" = to take him for, set him down as, a fool' (N.E.D. 'beg' vb. 5 a); 2. 1. 41
- FORMAL, normal (cf. *Meas.* 5. 1. 232); 5. 1. 105
- FRAUGHTAGE, cargo; 4. 1. 88
- GLANCÉD, alluded to; 5. 1. 66
- GOSSIP, lit. a sponsor to a child, hence it came to be applied to friends invited to be present at a birth; 5. 1. 405

- GRAIN (in), indelible, ineradicable, lit. short for 'dyed in grain' = dyed scarlet or crimson, fast dyed; 3. 2. 106
- GRAINED, furrowed, lined (like wood); 5. 1. 311
- GRASS (long for), i.e. long for freedom (v. N.E.D. 'grass' sb.¹ 5 *b*, and McKerrow, *Nashe*, iii. 97); 2. 2. 200
- GROW, accrue; 4. 1. 8; 4. 4. 120, 133
- HANDS (at two), 'at hands' = at close quarters in a conflict (v. N.E.D. 'hand' 25*f*); 2. 1. 45
- HARLOT, orig. = vagabond, rascal (of either sex), which may be the meaning here; but Shakespeare generally uses it in reference to fornication (cf. *Wint.* 2. 3. 4 'She the adulteress; for the harlot king/Is quite beyond mine arm'); 5. 1. 205
- HATCH, 'sit down at the hatch.' S. Dromio is referring to the proverb, 'to set a hatch before the door,' i.e. keep silence (N.E.D. sb.¹ 1 *b*); 3. 1. 33
- HELL, a debtors' prison; app. the name was originally given to a part of the old law-courts at Westminster, used as a prison for the king's debtors, and afterwards transferred to all prisons of the kind (v. N.E.D. 'hell' 5); 4. 2. 40
- HOLY, with a quibble upon 'holey'; 2. 1. 80
- HORN-MAD, mad with rage like a bull or buck (q.v.), but often by word-play used of the anger of a cuckold (cf. *M.W.W.* 3. 5. 138), hence Adriana's indignation; 2. 1. 57, 58
- HOST, lodge, put up; 1. 2. 9; 'lay at host,' were lodged; 5. 1. 410
- HOY, 'a small vessel...employed in carrying passengers and goods, particularly in short distances on the sea-coast' (N.E.D.); 4. 3. 38
- IMPEACH, accusation, charge (cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* 1. 4. 60); 5. 1. 270
- IMPORTANT, weighty; 5. 1. 138
- KITCHENED, entertained in the kitchen (N.E.D. quotes no other example); 5. 1. 415
- LANDS (narrow). Not explained; if not corrupt, possibly = the strips into which the fields were divided under the old agricultural system; 4. 2. 38
- LAPLAND SORCERERS. 'For practice of witchcraft and sorcery they [the Lapps] pass all nations of the world,' Giles Fletcher, *Of the Russe Common Wealth* (1591). The Finns are said to have a similar reputation among sailors to this day; 4. 3. 11
- LAPWING, peewit, plover (cf. *Meas.* 1. 4. 32); 4. 2. 27
- LIBERTY, unrestrained action, licence (cf. *Meas.* 1. 3. 29 'And liberty plucks justice by the nose'); 1. 2. 102
- LOVE-SPRINGS, 'springs' = the first tender shoots of a plant or tree; 3. 2. 3
- MALE, 'a burden male,' with a quibble upon 'mail,' i.e. baggage; 1. 1. 55
- MALT-HORSE, a clumsy kind of horse used by maltsters, a heavy stupid person (cf. *Shrew.* 4. 1. 132 'You whoreson malt-horse drudge'; Jonson, *Ev. Man in Hum.* 1. 4 'he hath no more judgement than a malt-horse'); 3. 1. 32

- MANAGED, under control, like a horse in the manège; 3. 2. 19
- MATED, amazed, confounded; 3. 2. 54 (with a quibble on 'mated' = wedded); 5. 1. 282
- MEAN, (a) opportunity, (b) sum of money; 1. 2. 18
- METEOR, 'his heart's meteors tilting in his face.' Meteor = any aerial phenomenon, e.g. aurora borealis (cf. *Rom.* 3. 5. 13 'some meteor that the sun exhales'). Antipholus' heart, like the unseen sun below the horizon, reveals its influence by swift changes of colour and expression in the face (cf. *Ado.* 4. 1. 161-2); 4. 2. 6
- MOME, blockhead, dolt; 'possibly related to "mum"' (N.E.D.); 3. 1. 32
- MORRIS-PIKE, a formidable kind of pike, supposed to be of Moorish origin (N.B. the sergeant was dressed in buff, like a soldier); 4. 3. 27
- MOTION, 'We in your motion turn, and you may move us,' referring to the motions of the heavenly spheres in the old astronomy; i.e. woman is a planet set in the sphere, man; 3. 2. 24
- NICKS HIM LIKE A FOOL. 'Fools, undoubtedly, were shaved and nicked in a particular manner in our author's time,' writes Malone, who quotes *The Choice of Change* (1598), 'They [monks] were shaven and notched on the head, like fools'; 5. 1. 175
- O'ER-RAUGHT, over-reached, cheated; 1. 2. 96
- ONCE, 'once this,' i.e. once for all, in short (cf. *Ado.* 1. 1. 320 'tis once, thou lov'st', and McKerrow, *Nashe*, iii. 57, 128); 3. 1. 89
- OWE, own; 3. 1. 42
- OWLS, v. note; 2. 2. 190
- PACK, gang of rascals; 4. 4. 101
- PACKED WITH, in conspiracy with; 5. 1. 219
- PAIN (in). Unexplained (v. note); 3. 1. 65
- PALE, an enclosed area in a park for game: 'to break the pale' = to indulge in licence (N.E.D.); 2. 1. 100
- PARCEL, a constituent part; 5. 1. 106
- PART WITH, depart with; 3. 1. 67
- PATCH, fool (in reference to the fool's costume); 3. 1. 32, 36
- PAY, beat, flog; 1. 2. 85; 4. 4. 10
- PEEVISH, senseless; 4. 4. 113
- PRESENTLY, at once, immediately; 3. 2. 146; 4. 1. 32; 5. 1. 31
- PRIDE, "'Fly pride," says the peacock.' S. Dromio's parting shot may be thus explained: The peacock, emblem of pride, entices the female bird to make advances by flitting before her with his tail outspread; so pride flies pride, since 'pride' in another sense = 'sexual desire, especially in female animals' (N.E.D. sb.¹ 11). Cf. *Oth.* 3. 3. 404 'as salt as wolves in pride.' S. Antipholus is the peacock, who by turning his back on the courtesan invites her, Dromio implies, to follow him; 4. 3. 78
- RAG (of money), a shred (as we should say); app. 'rag' was a cant term for a farthing (N.E.D. sb.¹ 2 c), v. note; 4. 4. 85
- RESPICE FINEM, etc. 'Respite finem, respice funem' was a common jest of the period; equally common was the collo-

- cation, probably connected with some story now lost, of 'parrot' and 'rope'; 4. 4. 40
- REST (to set up one's), to be resolved, determined. The phrase, derived from 'primero,' a card-game in which 'the rest' = the reserved stakes, originally meant 'to risk one's all' (N.E.D. quotes Greene, 1587, 'we set our rest on the hazard and so desperately throw at all')—hence 'to do one's utmost,' 'to make a decision,' 'to take a resolution.' The expression was, however, readily adapted to various quibbles; in the present instance the reference is to the 'rest' for the pike when soldiers stood to the charge; 4. 3. 26
- REVERTED, revolted. Cf. N.E.D. which quotes 'The Duke of Britaine and his brother were reverted and turned to the French partie' (1568). v. *armed and reverted*; 3. 2. 123
- ROAD, roadstead; 3. 2. 146
- ROPE'S-END, (a) a piece from the end of a rope, commonly used as an instrument of punishment, (b) a halter or hangman's noose; 4. 1. 99
- ROUND, (a) spherical, (b) severe, harsh; 2. 1. 82
- SCONCE, (a) head, (b) a small fort ('so you would leave battering'), (c) a protective screen ('I must get a sconce for my head'); cf. *ensconce*; 2. 2. 34-8
- SCORE, (a) to keep count by notches or marks on a stick or post, (b) a quibble upon 'scour' = beat. N.B. F. reads 'fcoure'; 1. 2. 65
- SEASON, 'Time...owes more than he's worth to season.' App. 'season' here = opportunity; if so S. Dromio means 'There is never time to do all that occasion offers'; 4. 2. 57
- SERE, withered; 4. 2. 19
- SERGEANT OF THE BAND; 4. 3. 29. Strictly speaking = the commander of a company of soldiers, but here used for the sheriff's officer. Clearly a familiar figure in Shakespeare's London, and S. Dromio gives a minute description of him and his functions. He arrests for debt; he tours the city and pries into dark passages, etc. for rogues and evil-doers (4. 2. 38); he seems to act as watchman, since he calls out 'God give you good rest,' as he goes his rounds (4. 3. 31-2); he commands a band, presumably of other catchpoles or watchmen; he carries a mace (4. 3. 27); and his uniform is of buff.
- SHOULDER-CLAPPER, an officer who arrests an offender; N.E.D. quotes Taylor, the water-poet, 1621, 'He's free from shoulder-clapping Sergeants clawes'; 4. 2. 37
- SHRIVE, 'shrive you of a thousand idle pranks,' i.e. 'I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks' (Dr Johnson); 2. 2. 208
- SIR-REVERENCE, a corruption of 'save-reverence' = an apology for mentioning an unpleasant fact; often used as a euphemism for 'dung' (cf. *Rom.* 1. 4. 41 'we'll draw thee from the mire/Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st'); 3. 2. 91
- SOB, quibble upon 'sob' = a rest given to a horse to recover its wind (v. N.E.D. sb. 1 c); 4. 3. 24
- SOON AT, betimes, early (cf. *M.W.W.* 1. 4. 7 'soon at night'); 1. 2. 26

- SPOON-MEAT**, lit. 'food prepared for infants,' here prob. = dainties, delicacies. The modern slang sense of 'spoon,' which would be most appropriate to the passage, seems to have been unknown in Shakespeare's day; 4. 3. 58
- STAFF**, 'shall I set in my staff?' i.e. shall I take up my abode here?; 3. 1. 51
- STALE**, 'a lover or mistress whose devotion is turned into ridicule for the amusement of a rival' (N.E.D., which quotes Lyly, *Euphues*, 'I perceive, Lucilla (said he) that I was made thy stale and Philautus thy laughing-stock'); 2. 1. 101
- START**, swerve aside (like a horse); 2. 1. 30
- STIGMATICAL**, crooked, deformed; 4. 2. 22
- SUBSTANTIAL**, 'your reason was not substantial why...' i.e. 'your reason does not prove why...' (cf. 16th and 17th c. quotations N.E.D. 'substantial' 10 b); 2. 2. 103
- SUCCESSION** (upon), i.e. by begetting other slanders to succeed it, so that the line of its heirs is never extinct; 3. 1. 105
- SUCK OUR BREATH**. This piece of folk-lore was perhaps connected with the old idea that the breath of man was his soul; 2. 2. 192
- SWEAT**, i.e. exert yourselves (cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 105 'the drudging goblin sweat/To earn his cream-bowl duly set'); 4. 2. 29
- SYMPATHIZÉD...ERROR**, i.e. errors which have affected all alike; 5. 1. 397
- TARTAR LIMBO**, WORSE THAN HELL, 'limbo' = hell, though it also = prison; 'Tartar' is a common abbreviation of 'Tartarus' = hell (cf. *Tw. Nt.* 2. 5. 226 'To the gates of Tartar'). The jest is that the clown Dromio takes 'Tartar limbo' to mean the hell of the Tartars or Mohammedans, and so worse than the Christian hell; 4. 2. 32
- TENDER**, have regard for; 5. 1. 132
- TIME** (in good), an interjection with various shades of meaning, here scornful = 'indeed!' or 'forsooth!'; 2. 2. 56, 63
- TRAIN**, entice, lure; 3. 2. 45
- TURKISH TAPESTRY**, 'As there was no such fabric made in Turkey at that date this undoubtedly refers to a small carpet of Turkey-work (i.e. a needlework imitation of an Eastern carpet) forming a table-cloth to the flat Elizabethan oak box-desk on legs' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 128); 4. 1. 105
- UNDERSTAND**, with a quibble upon 'stand under'; 2. 1. 49, 54
- VILLAIN**, slave, bondman; 1. 2. 19. Possibly 'villain' at 1. 2. 96 has the same meaning; elsewhere the word carries the ordinary signification of 'rascal.'
- WAFTAGE**, passage by boat; 4. 1. 96
- WHEN? CAN YOU TELL?**, a scornful expression to parry an impertinent question or request, similar in meaning to the modern 'What next?' (cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 2. 1. 42-5 'Gads. I pray thee lend me thine. Sec. Car. Ay when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? Marry, I'll see thee hanged first.');
3. 1. 52
- WINK**, close the eyes; 3. 2. 58
- WONT**, is wont; 4. 4. 36

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